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Our Obligations are Limited

With Mr. Truman and Mr. Attlee's proposals for increased armaments, the Cold War enters a new and still more dangerous phase. Up till now the Western democracies had carried rearmament as a grievous burden on their peacetime economies. Now that a shooting war has begun in Korea, they are switching over to war economy in peace-time.

Does this intensified rearmament mean an inevitable drift towards world war? Certainly, to judge from the correspondence columns of *The Times*, there are Tories who maintain that, now we are so far committed, we should act on the assumption that world war has already begun. Their argument is that we must remove the disadvantage which democracy faces in conflict with totalitarianism. If Stalin acts on the thesis of permanent war against the non-Communist world, it is argued that we must do the same.

There is no doubt that rearmament will strengthen this line of argument, particularly in the U.S.A., which is already fighting a desperate war against a minor Russian satellite. To the average American, Mr. Attlee's "legalistic" attitude towards Formosa is almost as irritating as Mr. Nehru's attempts at mediation. "The balloon has gone up," they say, "and what matters is the strength of the Grand Alliance. Whether war should be spread or localised should be determined not by the Charter but by strategic requirements."

The British Government has very rightly opposed this kind of "realism." So long as the Great Powers are not in direct conflict, it is wicked nonsense to say that war has begun, and those who do say so are guilty of actively provoking it. At present there is no evidence that the Soviet Union is not anxious to localise the Korean affair; and, so far, the Chinese Communists also show no sign of wishing to spread the war. It is still possible to localise the United Nations action in Korea and to use the months of fighting which will be necessary to restore the military position for a sustained diplomacy designed to restrain both the Peking and the American Governments from "plunging."

Here the chief responsibility falls on the British Commonwealth and, in particular, on Great Britain and India. Mr. Nehru has successfully established diplomatic relations with Mao Tse-tung, and it is to be hoped that this channel is being used by Mr. Attlee in order to reach an understanding with Peking. It should be explained to Mao that once the United Nations authority has been restored in Korea, the Commonwealth will actively assist in reconstituting the Security Council and restoring Formosa to the Chinese Government. If Mao were genuinely convinced of this, he would have far stronger reasons for refraining from intervention in Korea and for showing patience and restraint about Formosa.

The attitude of British Labour should surely be that of Mr. Chifley, leader of the Australian Labour Party and recently Premier of the Commonwealth, who has boldly announced this week that, whilst supporting United Nations' action in Korea, Australian Labour will not allow its opposition to Communism to drag it into supporting reaction in Asia. Cases, he said, must be decided on their merits: Australia would not fight against peoples who now have a "flaming desire" for self-government, and are struggling to emerge from centuries of "degradation and poverty." If war in Korea may serve the purpose of reminding the Russians of the dangers of encouraging their satellites to seek a solution of social problems by armed force, then such a speech as Mr. Chifley's may also be a useful hint to the United States that her allies have no intention of being involved in a general war against the awakened peoples of Asia.

Footing the Bill

Britain's decision to spend £100 millions more on Defence means as Mr. Attlee has made clear, that hoped-for improvements in living standards and social services must be postponed. If the armaments bill mounts, inflation can be avoided only by the re-introduction of war-time controls, which were thrown on the bonfire during the last twelve months, and by a capital levy to finance the Services' demands.

President Truman's call for an increase of ten billion dollars in defence spending will bring the total cost of American rearmament this coming year to about twenty-four billions, or two-thirds of the total Federal budget. His advisers believe that the American economy can divert at least this amount—about one-eleventh of its total production—to military purposes without undue strain. But some strain there will be—especially since it is proposed to meet only one-half of the new expenditure by taxation. There is a marked contrast with 1939, when the last rearmament drive began; for to-day there are only just over three million unemployed, against ten million then, and in 1939 the steel industry was working well below capacity. To-day, moreover, the business boom is reflected in much higher consumer spending.

Since there is comparatively little slack in the economy, some measure of control must be restored to check inflation. The immediate price rises, of up to ten per cent, probably reflect panic buying and hoarding, rather than genuine shortages. But once armament production gets really under way, price controls will be again required. The wartime Regulation W., limiting consumer credit, is almost certain to be restored—an important brake, for housing and automobile purchases on mortgage have been soaring—and a system of priorities will again be required. Organised labour, fearing another wage-freeze, has already indicated that it will only accept this if it is coupled with price and profit restrictions.

Leopold's Folly

Of what use is a king who must be protected by armoured cars and seven thousand gendarmes? The return of King Leopold to Belgium emphasises again the folly of imposing on a bi-national country a monarch bitterly disliked by half the people. It is a personal triumph for him, and a political victory for the Social Christian Party, his only organised support. Who but royalist zealots can feel happy at the course events have taken? A wiser man, and a party genuinely fit to govern, would have forgone a victory achieved at the price of making the crown a symbol not of unity, but of social strife.

M. Spaak sharply and rightly corrected Leopold's patronising promise to "forgive and forget." It was Leopold, not the opposition parties, who committed the errors fatal to national unity and provoked the present conflict. So far, the Socialists have not called the expected general strike, but there have been spontaneous walkouts in Wallonia and sporadic acts of violence, while the action of the Liège city council suggests that the Socialists may refuse to recognise Leopold as a constitutional monarch. If a large-scale strike were launched, coupled with a campaign of civil disobedience in which the Communists and Liberals would also join, there might be serious trouble. And the Socialists, on whom the decision depends, may well be hesitant to light the powder train at a critical time in international affairs. Yet, for Leopold's advisers to pretend that all is now comparatively well is political blindness. They have made their point and their King's honour is presumably satisfied. The course of wisdom, and the road to civic stability in Belgium, both run to the airport from which Leopold can again depart, leaving his son, Prince Bauduoin, to patch up as best he can the holes his father has driven through Belgium constitutional democracy.

Brighton and Margate

The preliminary agenda for both the Trades Union Congress (September) and the Labour Party Conference (October) are now ready. The resolutions sent in by affiliated bodies show very clear what is chiefly worrying the working classes to-day. Resolutions about all other matters, including even international affairs, are greatly outnumbered by those dealing with prices, profits and wages. Wage questions loom largest in the T.U.C. agenda: the local Labour Parties are most concerned with prices: profits come up in both connections. At the T.U.C. two big Unions—the N.U.R. and the A.E.U.—will be asking for the abolition of compulsory wage-arbitration; while at the Labour Party Conference the N.U.R. and other Unions will be calling for much more stringent control over prices and profits. At the T.U.C., the Inland Revenue Staff Federation will ask for a National Wages Board, representing Trade Unions, employers and Government, to co-ordinate and regulate wages and salaries; but it is unlikely that such a motion will get much support. The main pressure at both gatherings will be for legal limitations on profits and for more effective legislation against monopoly practices. At the Labour Party Conference, there will be a crop of resolutions calling for a more forthright Socialist policy, including further measures of nationalisation; but on such matters the number of resolutions does not give much clue to the mind of the Conference, as most of them come from fairly small Local Parties and very few from the big Trade Unions. Only on standard-of-living issues are the number and quality of the resolutions such as to give a clear indication of popular feeling.

Mr. Mackenzie King

Mr. Mackenzie King never enjoyed widespread personal popularity, but he managed to hold the highest elective office in Canada for over twenty-one years—a record unequalled in any other democratic country. His most impressive achievement was the maintenance of a working partnership between English and French-speaking Canadians, especially during World War II. The attitude to the war of the French Canadians—almost one-third of the Canadian population—was not unlike that of Eire. Yet, in September, 1939, Canada alone among the nations of the Western Hemisphere declared war against Germany. Mr. King's other great achievement was in the field of Commonwealth relations. He was a most persistent and successful advocate of the view that the Commonwealth should be a decentralised, loosely associated community of nations in which there would be a constant exchange of views but no formal attempt to achieve a common foreign policy.

Important as Mr. King's achievements were, they do not qualify him for inclusion among the great names in the history of Liberalism. He revealed a shocking indifference to the violation of basic civil liberties, particularly in such instances as the Canadian Spy Enquiry in 1945-46, and the evacuation of Japanese-Canadians from British Columbia during the war. Despite his lifelong study of labour problems, he did little or nothing to facilitate the organisation of Canadian labour and never succeeded in winning its confidence. When full allowance is made for the difficulties imposed by the Canadian Constitution, his record in social legislation remains singularly unimpressive. Franklin Roosevelt succeeded in transforming the Democratic Party into a useful if erratic vehicle for social reform; yet, after almost thirty years of Mr. King's leadership, the Canadian Liberal Party remains almost indistinguishable both in its performance and in its political philosophy from its Conservative opponents.

French Doubts

Our Paris correspondent writes: When M. Vincent Auriol declared on Sunday that "the aggressor must be made to understand that aggression does not pay," but that France would "seek and propose every solution which may, in the spirit of justice, halt the conflict," he was repeating the note which had been struck on the previous Wednesday by M. Schuman, who had told the Senate that France would do whatever she could to keep the Korean struggle localised and would "facilitate any initiative aiming at a peaceful settlement, no matter whence it came." He qualified this, however, by saying that France would in no circumstances act independently of her allies—meaning Britain and the U.S.A.

In *L'Observateur*, Claude Bourdet criticises this attitude of "resignation," and argues that, even if Mr. Truman cannot afford to make any conciliatory gesture towards China at present, it would be rendering *him* a service to get the Security Council into working order again by the election of Mao Tse-tung's representative. Meanwhile, the Truman statement, foreshadowing an increase in war expenditure among all America's allies, has scarcely pleased the French taxpayer, just after 80 milliard francs had already been piled by M. Pleven on earlier estimates. America, pleads *Le Monde*, must make allowances for the fact that Britain and France are already spending more on defence than they can reasonably afford. What has also struck the French public is the feeble response so far made to Mr. Trygve Lie's appeal for armed forces. "Everybody is all in favour of the war in Korea but nobody really wants to fight there," one commentator wrote. It may be significant, too, that since the Korean flare-up French signatures to the "Stockholm appeal" have jumped from six to eleven millions—or so, at least, the Communists claim. The success of this campaign in France is due not to any desire, in most cases, to play into the hands of the Russians, but to an instinctive feeling that atomic war would develop into something like genecide.

On the actual war in Korea and its prospects the general impression in France could not be more muddled. Stalin's reply to Nehru suggests to many that Russia did not expect the violent reaction that was produced in America by the North Korean aggression, and that the Russians are looking for a way out. It is curious that *France-Soir*, the most popular—and most "pro-American"—Paris evening paper, should have continued all these weeks to run a Moscow *reportage* by M. Michel Gordey, who clearly suggests that reconstruction and prosperity are the two everyday aims of the Russian population. What has also puzzled many here is that, almost simultaneously with General MacArthur's announcement that victory in Korea was a foregone conclusion, the *Figaro*—most pro-American of the morning papers—should have published two articles, one by the Alsops, the other by Mr. Walter Lippmann, both extremely sceptical about the advisability for America to become deeply involved in Korea, a terrain desperately disadvantageous to the United States in terms of world strategy.

Meantime, the Defence Ministers of the "Brussels Group" met at Fontainebleau last week only to agree that the framework in which they were working was quite inadequate, and that all future strategic planning must be done on the wider basis of the Atlantic Pact. Yet, though concluded 15 months ago, this Pact is only now beginning to take concrete shape in terms of organised common defence. According to French commentators it is only now that both Britain and the United States are beginning to come round to the French view that the "frontier of the West is on the Rhine," and not in the Straits of Dover, and that France and the Low Countries are more than a mere "first line." There is talk of organising a Western Army of 35 highly equipped divisions which would be strong enough to "win the battle of the frontier," and presumably pin down the enemy to a "line." Not that, after 1940, the French find any talk about "lines" particularly reassuring.

PARLIAMENT: Civil Defence

Wednesday.

ALMOST every speaker in the Civil Defence debate expressed regret that the subject had to be discussed. It was clearly very difficult to be—and sound—realistic about respirators and Dosimeters. Aware of the prohibitive cost of a comprehensive policy, some Members solved the problem by reminiscing about 1940, praising British capacity for improvisation, and evading the subject of atomic energy. Others cautiously played down the menace of the Bomb and stuck to practical matters of staffing and equipment.

Whilst Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd reminded the House of the usefulness of the bucket-and-sand approach, Mr. de Freitas made the most of the Home Office's small beginnings. After he had gone through the list of people ineligible for Civil Defence because they were eligible for something else, the figure of 47,000 volunteers seemed quite good—although, he said, 16 million people were nominally available.

The unusual combination of Mr. Emrys Hughes and Mr. Blackburn posed the problem of the Bomb. Whilst Mr. Hughes, with customary wealth of quotation, was concerned to stress the inevitability of enormous casualties and the need to keep out of atomic war at all costs, Mr. Blackburn, casting doubt on Russian claims to be producing atomic bombs, pointed out that it was contradictory to pretend that possession of the Bomb was a deterrent to aggressors and at the same time to minimise its effects. On the whole, Members agreed that the devastating powers of the Bomb should not be underrated, but, while reacting against the idea of doing nothing in the way of Civil Defence, they were loath to advocate the spending of £500 millions on air raid shelters. Mr. Ede, putting matters in perspective, deplored both complacency and defeatism.

The ghost of Mr. Stanley Evans haunted the Chamber again last week. Presenting his producer-controlled scheme for marketing tomatoes and cucumbers, Mr. Tom Williams found himself faced with fierce criticism from the Co-operative benches. The fact that the scheme provided for only one consumer's representative, and the suspicion that the Board's powers might be used to hold up prices and discriminate against the Co-ops caused Mr. Coldrick and Mr. Daines to wax indignant and Mr. Crosland to repeat some of his arguments on resale price maintenance. Peevish because Mr. Crosland and Mrs. Castle had joined the Co-operators in criticism and most of his support came from the Tories, Mr. Williams claimed that the scheme was all in accord with Labour policy, and that if you refused to accept a producer-controlled scheme you wouldn't have a scheme at all. In any case, he pointed out, the Minister had power to protect the consumer interest. But Mr. Crosland was not satisfied because Mr. Williams might not always be the Minister, whilst the Co-operators, suspicious as Mr. Evans, were not satisfied because Mr. Williams, as Minister, had not shown outstanding bias in favour of the consumers.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

The Unity of Korea

KOREA is not two countries divided by the 38th Parallel, but one country about the size of Britain. It contains about 30 million people, some of whom live in modern brick-built towns and most of whom are peasants mainly concerned with getting rid of landlords. Almost all of them have a strong sense of national unity. In a long and bloodthirsty past of conquest and resistance, Koreans have developed, even more than most people, a distaste for foreign occupation. We must grasp the central fact that the Parallel was a temporary occupation device; that Koreans are primarily interested, like the Chinese, in national unity and social change; and that this involves throwing out foreigners and the old ruling class the foreigners support and substituting a government of their own people. Unless that is clear in our minds, we shall not understand the difficulties of the Korean situation or know how to achieve the settlement to which, as Members of the United Nations, we are pledged.

The situation is not as simple as either Mr. Truman or the Communists would like us to think. Mr. Truman tells us that an act of "raw, unprovoked aggression" was committed against the free people of South by the Communists of North Korea, and that the United Nations, after hearing evidence of this, decided to take sanctions against the aggressor and put America in charge of them. The Communists precisely reverse all these allegations. Their case in this country is stated plausibly but disingenuously by Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., in a pamphlet entitled *Light on Korea.* According to him, the People's Democracy of North Korea was invaded by American-sponsored forces from the South when they were in the midst of peaceful negotiations designed to unify the country. In a Security Council deprived of all legality by the absence of the U.S.S.R. and Communist China, the United States, upon which most of the remaining Members of the Security Council were dependent, was able to obtain a bogus mandate to support her Korean satellite in its aggressive activities.

This case is immediately destroyed by one simple but decisive fact. Powerful Northern forces have indisputably invaded South Korea in a fully mounted offensive. Such an offensive, involving the use of at least 400 Soviet-built tanks, could not be improvised. Clearly the act of military aggression did not come from the South, and, by pretending that it did, Mr. Pritt has helped newspapers and politicians to neglect the formidable array of facts which show that this premeditated Northern aggression was not "unprovoked."

Some light is thrown on the events preceding the invasion by the fact that, according to the official United Nations Reports, some 18,000 people have been killed in frontier and guerilla fighting during the past two years in Korea. In short, no stable conditions have existed; something like a civil war has been continuous. Secondly, fierce propaganda campaigns, accompanied by threats of invasion, have come from the South as well as the North. Mr. Synghman Rhee went so far on one occasion as to declare that he could capture the Northern capital, Pyongyang in three days, and that he was only prevented from doing so by the Americans who said he was not ready for the enterprise. Such ridiculous sabre-rattling provides Mr. Pritt with ample evidence of the aggressive ambitions of the South. To this he can fairly add that when Mr. Trygve Lie first cabled to Korea for information about the reported invasion, the U.N. Commission on Korea (Uncok) did not claim itself to have any first-hand evidence, but replied that a Northern invasion was reported by Synghman Rhee and that it would "communicate more fully considered recommendations later." This cautious reply was regarded by America as sufficient reason for brushing aside the Yugoslav proposal that a representative of North Korea should be heard by the Security Council, and for itself having recourse to arms even before the Security Council had passed the Resolution authorising intervention. By including, without any colour of legality, a decision to prevent the actual government of China taking over its own territory of Formosa, the United States seriously compromised its claim to be acting in a police capacity for Uno.

The 38th Parallel has never been a genuine frontier. Neither North nor South Korea ever acknowledged the right of the other to exist, nor was the South ever recognised by the Communist world or Northern Korea by the Western Powers. In the South, a period of American military government slowly gave way to an administration representing the landlords, directed by American advisers and upheld by E.C.A. funds which totalled 400 million dollars. The E.C.A. advisers have struggled to introduce land reform but the Government was largely successful in frustrating it. In the North, on the other hand, the Russian armies, whilst maintaining a large military mission, at the very outset of their occupation gave power to People's Committees run by Korean Communists already prominent in the Resistance Movement against Japan. Landlords were expropriated, and the land distributed to the farmers. By the beginning of 1946, political opposition had already been broken, and a People's Republic along familiar Communist lines been created by the Red Army co-operating with Korean Communists. In 1947, an American expert reported that, in the North, "a regimented and orderly political regime was being established upon the ruins of Japanese administration, whereas in South Korea a chaotic but free political system was slowly taking shape under trying circumstances."

During the next two years, the contrast became even more pronounced. In the first nine months of 1949, South Korea's imports, according to the U.S. Department of Commerce, actually exceeded her exports by 10 to 1. This was due not only to the fact that Korea's main industries lay in the North, which had hitherto lived largely on foodstuffs from the South, but also to the extreme inefficiency and corruption of the Synghman Rhee administration. The 1950-51 Budget for South Korea allocated 53 per cent. to the Ministry of Home Affairs, which controls both the police and defence; the Budget in the North for the same period allocated 61.4 per cent. for economic rehabilitation and social and cultural activities. The only possible deduction for any Asiatic observer was that, while the South was a dollar dependency, the North, whatever its defects, stood for a new social order, for unity and "Korea for the Koreans."

The exact events of the spring and the early summer of 1950 have not yet been the subject of any authoritative inquiry. We can, however, gather from the Uncok reports (which have not been made accessible to the British public) numerous revealing facts about the intensified phase of Northern propaganda which preceded the invasion of June 25. On June 7, for instance, the Pyongyang radio broadcast an appeal by the Democratic Front for the union of the Fatherland. It urged that Koreans, North and South of the 38th Parallel, should together set up a legislative body. This, it proposed, should be convoked at Seoul on August 15, after a joint consultative council had worked out the conditions for peaceful unification. It added that everyone might participate except such "traitors" as Synghman Rhee and others specified, but that "the U.N. Commission should not be permitted to interfere in the task of unification." The Commission reported to the Security Council that, in spite of these objectionable political conditions, this appeal represented "an ostensible change in the North's previous attitude," and that it had sent its own representative across the Parallel on June 10 to see the text of the proposals. He was to inform the three Northern representatives, who were bringing to the South the text of the Pyongyang Resolution that the Commission itself favoured the peaceful unification of the country—a possibility brought nearer, it may have seemed, by Synghman Rhee's loss, to the "Independents" elected on June 1, of his Assembly majority. The Commission adds that when, next day, the three representatives of the North arrived in the South carrying copies of the Resolution for the main parties and personalities, they were "immediately placed under detention by the Southern authorities, who have since tried to induce them to switch sides by showing them the facts in the South." The result of this incident was an intensified radio battle between North and South, in the middle of which Mr. John Foster Dulles arrived in Seoul in time to assure the South Koreans of help in case of trouble.

When the invasion began on June 25, it was clear that extensive military preparations had preceded it, and the U.N. Commission concluded, probably correctly, that the propaganda campaign had been no more than a "screen." In any case, it seems likely that unification had been planned for June 25 by invasion, if propaganda and pressure failed, and that it was hoped that the whole of South Korea would be over-run before the United States was ready to take action. This does not affect the question whether the Communists decided to bring matters to a head in the summer of 1950 (although, as American correspondents have pointed out, a more patient policy might have achieved the same end without violence) because they were anxious to counter American plans for establishing permanent bases on the Asiatic mainland in Indo-China and Siam, and, on the periphery, in Japan and Formosa.

We have said enough to show that a full and honest publication of documents would reveal a very different state of affairs from that commonly assumed on either side of the Iron Curtain. For that reason neither side may be anxious for such publication. It seems likely that the nature of the regime in South Korea and the degree of provocation it gave would annoy one side, while proof that the actual aggression began from the North would annoy the other. We should also see the whole question of Korea in its setting of the Cold War and as part of the struggle for power in the Pacific. One fact would certainly be established. Clearly Mr. Lippmann is right in pointing out in the *Herald-Tribune* that it is as impossible as it is undesirable to re-establish a Southern Korean regime in anything like its old form. He sees the way out in a United Nations settlement for the whole of Korea. That means a settlement accepted by China and Russia as well as the West. Mr. Nehru's special contribution has been to compel people to see that "victory" in Korea involves recognition of the actual government of China and reconstitution of the Security Council.

Malan's Racialism

(By a Correspondent.)

In 1948, the Nationalist Party of South Africa formed a coalition with the Afrikaner Party, and thus secured a majority of seven in the House of Assembly and one in the Senate, although elected on a minority vote in the country. For the first time in the history of the Union, the new Government consisted of men drawn from and representing only the Afrikaner section of the population. It is true that few English-speaking men have taken a prominent part in the political life of the Union over the last 40 years, but there have been Afrikaner leaders—such as Botha, Smuts and Hofmeyer—whose vision has been great enough to secure the support of the English-speaking section of the nation as well as of a section of Afrikaners. This has always angered the die-hard Afrikaners from the *platteland*, and their hatred of those who try to compromise the differences between Afrikaner and British goes even further than that against the British themselves. Every step taken in this direction, and especially the great effort of 1933, has been bitterly opposed by the backwoodsmen; but it was not until 1948 that these rural reactionaries were able to establish themselves in power.

The Malan Nationalist Party split away from Hertzog on the fusion policy of 1933, and in 1939 took the lead in anti-Allied agitation. Its Federal Council's statement of policy demanded a special and superior position for the Afrikaners in the nation, barely tolerating the existence of the English-speaking section and totally rejecting any loyalties other than those determined by the Nationalists themselves. This document was followed by the Draft Constitution for an Afrikaner Republic drawn up in 1942, the central theme of which was described in these words:

> The head of the State will be the State President. The State President is further directly and only responsible to God, over and against the people for his deeds in the fulfilment of his duties, and in his actions in connection with the last-named, as well as the carrying out of the holding of his office, is altogether independent of any vote of Parliament.
>
> The White subjects who are acknowledged as members of the State by the Government will be called "Burghers" without the distinction of race, as long as they do not forfeit their citizenship. Such recognition will only be accorded to subjects of whom it can be expected that they will act as builders up of the nation, whatever status they may have possessed before.
>
> The voice in the governing of the country must be granted only to those who identify themselves with *Die Volk*.

During the period of Nazi victories, it was this Nationalist Party which expressed the greatest admiration for the methods of Hitler and, although Dr. Geyer, the new High Commissioner in London, may claim that it was Malan who expelled the Fascist Pirow from his Party, even as he did so Malan admitted that he agreed with 85 per cent. of Pirow's policy. It is, therefore, not surprising to find the same Dr. Malan, now Prime Minister, asking in 1941 on the public platform:

> . . . is it not time for us to base our national life upon another foundation by breaking away from democracy? No one who thinks over conditions will want to take democracy as we know it under his protection.

During the whole of this century South Africa has been undergoing a steady industrial revolution, accelerated by two world wars. Out of a total population of nearly 12 million, only 2½ million are classed as Europeans: thus, the development of industry and of urban life has required an ever-increasing use of Non-Europeans in the industrial field. For every 1,000 Non-Europeans employed in secondary industry in 1935, there were about 2,100 so employed in 1946, compared with a corresponding increase of Europeans during the same period from 1,000 to only 1,350. Yet this increase in Non-European urban population was not accompanied by any lessening of the economic gap between them and the Europeans. The pattern is set by the gold mining industry, where, in 1945, the average annual wages were £510 for Europeans and £42 for Non-Europeans, although other benefits such as housing and food valued at about half of cash earnings were received by the latter. Over the whole of the country the average income per head of the European population in 1941-42 was £125 p.a. compared with £25 per head for Coloureds and £10 for Africans.

The same pattern can be discovered in social conditions. In 1946 the State had spent nearly £8 per head of the population on European education, compared with £2 2*s.* 9*d.* on Coloureds and Indians, and only 6*s.* 11*d.* on Africans. In such conditions, the contrast in health statistics is not a surprise. In 1944, infantile mortality (per 1,000) stood at 42.53 for Europeans, 90.06 for Asiatics and 162.72 for Coloureds. Statistics are not available for Africans, but the consensus of opinion amongst Medical Officers of Health is that Native infantile mortality has never been less than 150, and in some areas it is as high as 600 to 700. In 1941 again, the tuberculosis death-rate for Indians was five times, for urban

Africans seven times and for urban Coloureds ten times that of the Europeans.

This, briefly, is the pattern of social and economic conditions in the Union, for each ethnic group. To it could be added details of the atrocious housing conditions, the lack of elementary social and health amenities, and the almost complete absence of cultural opportunities. But the outstanding feature is the contradiction between the increasing urbanisation of Non-Europeans and the failure to recognise that urbanised people develop a social consciousness and demand an outlet for it. Though education for Non-Europeans is meagre, it must increase as an industrial society develops; and education produces social and political demands. The only answer which South African White society has so far given such demands is to be found in the 92,000 convictions for the illegal possession of Native liquor, or 74,000 imprisonments for pass law offences in the year 1946, or in the harsh methods which the police use in enforcing the laws of the Europeans.

With the rapid inflow of Non-Europeans into the towns, all sections of administration have completely lost their grip upon the situation and have not the faintest idea how to organise even the most elementary social amenities. The Nationalist Party, seeing this process taking place, not only blamed the Smuts Government for its consequences, but accused them of endangering the whole basis of White civilisation by allowing Non-European penetration to the point where it threatened European supremacy. They therefore came forward with demands for complete segregation of the races, embodied in the word *apartheid*. In residence, in trade, in entertainment, in travel and in work, they declared, Europeans and Non-Europeans should not be in contact with each other, and they promised to halt the Non-European drift to the towns, and attempt to reverse it. Their intention was to divert all Africans to the Reserves, allowing only a few to take temporary jobs in the towns, returning them to the Reserves once their contracts had ended; to repatriate Indians, and strictly to segregate all other Non-Europeans found in urban areas.

Cape Town, S.A.

(*To be continued.*)

London Diary

WHAT is the attitude of the Labour rank and file to Korea? I have discussed this with a number of M.P.s, who spent last week-end in their constituencies, and the picture they give does not vary very much. Judged by the size of public meetings, people are still not desperately excited, and in these meetings, where party members do not want to embarrass the Government, speakers are listened to in thoughtful silence, and the cheers are reserved for any reference of localising the war. At question time the shrill Communist minority, accusing the Americans of aggression, often makes the Government's case more effectively than the speaker on the platform. In party conferences, however, where neither the press nor the general public are present, the atmosphere is very different: the lid comes off and uneasiness simmers over. My informants agreed that there is an almost universal feeling that it is fair enough this time for the Yanks to do the fighting. Mixed with this quite natural mood of isolation there is a good deal of extremely well-informed questioning about the Synghman Rhee Government, the future of Korea, and the American action in Formosa, which adds up to a persistent demand that we should keep out of a doubtful business. Generally speaking, Labour audiences—and not only Labour—still seem less afraid that the Russians will launch a world war or attack Western Europe than they are that we shall be dragged into it by the Americans. "It's not difficult to deal with this," said one M.P., "as long as one emphasises the need for United Nations action. Our party members are impressed, however reluctantly, by the argument that if aggression had been halted in Manchuria, we might have saved a second world war. But get ourselves involved in a war about Formosa," he added, "and we should have a peace cell in every factory in this country." I am convinced that this is a correct diagnosis. Tories who urge that we should forget legal niceties and academic distinctions between Korea and Formosa completely misjudge public opinion. The British people is in a critical and suspicious mood, and it desperately clings to the United Nations as the only hope of peace. Violate this respect for law and you'll split the nation from top to bottom.

* * *

I have just received a letter from sixteen prisoners in Yazd, a town in the South of Iran. In a tropical and unhealthy climate, they are all detained in a cell 18 by 22 feet, close to the sewage and without water. Lacking sufficient air and food, they say that they are dying slowly, slipping for hours into semi-consciousness and coma. In this group are some of Iran's leading doctors, professors and poets. A large number of other political prisoners have also been deported to this region in recent months and are detained under similar conditions. Very few of them are Communists. They were arrested in February last year, when an attempt was made on the Shah's life. Since the claims that they were involved in the plot could not be proved, they were charged with conspiracy—some of them had been trying to revive the Tudeh movement—and given long jail sentences. Now, under military jurisdiction, they have been illegally deported to the South where, unless something is done, many of them will die. For the moment, the Persian Government is able—enjoying British and American support—to crush internal opposition in this way. But this is how trouble starts. Small wonder that in Azerbaijan, and elsewhere in Iran, there are bitter men whose minds turn to militant Communism.

* * *

In the last few days this journal has lost two men who have long served and befriended it. One of them, Emil Davies, was a Fabian Socialist who contributed to the first issue of the *New Statesman* in 1913. The other, Sir Harry Gilpin, was a Liberal who was one of the group who, with Lord Layton and Lord Keynes, became associated with the *Nation* in 1923, and became largely responsible for the Liberal Party Summer Schools and the industrial enquiry which produced the Yellow Book. Gilpin joined the Board of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION three years ago. He belonged to that increasingly rare type of Quaker business man who maintains his liberal and humanitarian outlook. Though he was chairman of the Liberal Party Executive from 1943 to 1946 and was elected a member of the Liberal Council in 1949, he cared primarily for the recovery of England and was prepared to co-operate with the Labour Government. In 1946, he was leader of a goodwill trade mission to South Africa and two years later he was put in charge of a very important engineering mission to Canada and the United States. I remember well his enthusiasm on his return. He knew that he had done an excellent job and was modestly proud of it. He was a man of great kindness and tolerance; he was tolerant even of the Socialist policies put forward in the journal of which he was director.

* * *

Judging from the obituary notices of Alderman Davies, some people are still surprised that a Socialist should know anything about finance or a financier be a Socialist. This seems to argue a mind that has not moved since 1890. The very point of Fabianism was that the members of the Society were experts. It was natural that Emil Davies, whose field of expertism was finance, should become the City Editor of the NEW STATESMAN when that journal was founded by the Fabians in 1913. He tried a couple of times to get into Parliament, but he was not the man or the speaker for a big audience, and he found his natural political niche in the L.C.C., of which he was Chairman before the war and during the blitz. He was a first-class lecturer and expositor of Fabian Socialism in books and articles. I am not sure that he ever hit the mark better than in an article that appeared in this journal called "The Pretended War." His ironic argument was that unemployment and, indeed, the world's economic troubles as a whole, would be solved by world rearmament—always provided that it did not lead to war. He therefore suggested that the statesmen and leaders of public opinion should invent a war—presumably with one of the planets—so that we should go on always making arms, scrapping them, having full employment and a jolly good time. His argument was confirmed during the phoney war of 1939.

* * *

When I was in foreign parts some weeks ago I fell into conversation with an American friend about the problem of clean shirts when travelling in a hot country. My friend said: "The problem is solved in America by nylon. I have with me a dozen ordinary white shirts—not one of which I have worn in my last three weeks of travel. This dazzlingly white affair I have got on at the moment takes me exactly one and a half minutes each night to wash. I hang it up and it looks, when I put it on in the morning, as if it had just been ironed. I will send you one when I get back to America." It arrived last week. What it cost my friend I do not know. It cost me £1 3*s*. 9*d*. for purchase tax and the same amount for Customs duty. My only quarrel with it is that it is not as cool as cotton or silk on a hot day. This defect, I gather, will soon be remedied by making nylon (which is not absorbent) with a looser weave. In that case we have the answer to prayer—though I doubt whether Lancashire puts up the same petition. It means no more scrubbing and rubbing; no more ironing and no more laundries which drag off buttons, scorch the sleeves and send back the collars torn.

Critic

NIGHTINGALE AMONG THE SWEENIES

(Total legit. grosses. "Cocktail Party" Comedy Drama. Henry Miller Theatre. 20th week. $20,300. *Variety*.)

(I)

This is the vulgarest success, blasting
A hitherto immaculate reputation,
. The voice
Par excellence of the waste land and the wilderness.
Can the exalted oracle rejoice
Who, casting
Pearls before swine, wins swinish approbation?
Tereu, twit twit, this metaphysical mime
That should have been
The most distinguished failure of all time
Proves quite the opposite.
Between the conception and the reception, between
The curtain calls the Shadow falls—
The deep damnation of a Broadway hit,
Groomed for some critic *coterie's* diploma,
Dear God, like *Oklahoma*!
(O what a terrible morning)
Seeing (let's face it) not alone the arty
But the dim rabble crash *The Cocktail Party*.
Has the hautboy of attenuated tone
Become the uncultured herd's unconscious saxophone?

(II)

Author, author, take your bow,
Cocktail Party is O.K. now,
Still it's a riddle how
Lowbrow and middlebrow
Mix with the highbrow at this highbrow wow!

T. S. Eliot up in lights,
Hollywood angling for movie rights—
Play for the study
Clapped by the muddy—
Mettled hollow apeneck galleryites!

Cocktail, Cocktail, Cocktail clicks!
Connoisseurs, socialites, wise guys, hicks
Quit for a poem
Penned by an O.M.,
Radio, rodeo, vaudeville, pix!

Box Office total the shame completes,
Midsummer sag finds no empty seats;
O sir, O sir,
What glut is grosser
Than twenty thousand dollar gross receipts?

(III)

There is a prickly pear in the dry martini,
But the poet must his private agony
Transmute by intellectual discipline
And welcome the sour cup of prosperity.
Anything with it?
Gin.

Sagittarius

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The design consists of a male and female nude, recumbent but with a suggestion that they are floating in water; thus the main rhythms are not static but suggest a movement of circulation appropriate to the transactions of a post office.—A description in *The Times* of a new bas-relief. (Jon Evans.)

One of the things that attracted me to Blenheim, was the hope that I might be shown round by the Duke, or at least see him strolling in the grounds, and be able to marvel to myself. "There. He looks just like an ordinary man."—*Woman's Own*. (Barbara Yellier.)

Advertiser wishes to buy books with nice backs; contents immaterial.—Advt. in *The Times*. (Jessie E. Dicks.)

—, a Nigerian, told Islington Rent Tribunal that to secure a lease on premises in Holloway Road he had paid the owner about £250 in coconuts and cash.

He added that he had given about £80 in cash and 3,200 coconuts.—*Evening News*. (C. B. J. Feltham.)

The Field Case

(From a Correspondent)

Last summer the three Fields disappeared in Eastern Europe. The two brothers, Noel and Hermann, are Americans of Quaker origin, whose interest in Eastern Europe arose from their work for anti-Nazi refugees. Noel Field served during and after the war, until 1947, as European Director of the Unitarian Service Committee's medical and relief organisation in Europe. His wife, Herta, was co-Director. During the war their work saved thousands of anti-Nazi refugees from Germany and German-occupied territories; after the war they organized a medical centre in Piekary, Poland, and set up children's homes in Poland and Czechoslovakia. In 1947, Noel was released by the Unitarians because they were reducing the scope of their work, and because they thought him too "Left." According to his family, his mother had just left him a legacy, so he decided to stay on in Europe and write a book on Poland and Czechoslovakia, which he knew well. He spent part of 1948 in these two countries working up material for his book, and in May, 1949, returned again to Prague to continue his studies. A week after going to Prague, he disappeared without trace.

His brother, Hermann Field, is an architect, who at the time of his disappearance had just completed the master-plan for a large modern building to rehouse Cleveland College, in Ohio. In 1939, he had volunteered to work for the British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia, and had set up their sub-office in Krakow, Poland. Very large numbers who had escaped over the Czech frontier after the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia came to Krakow. They included Czech and German political refugees, Liberals, Socialists, Communists and many Jewish refugees. Poland would only allow them to stay if they were in transit elsewhere, and during the summer of 1939 many hundreds moved on to Britain and other countries. Asylum was granted to those who could show that they were genuine refugees from Nazi oppression. Those who saw Hermann Field's work at that time were greatly impressed by his devotion to the cause of refugees. His work was non-partisan, even though some thought his sympathies lay chiefly with the Communists. When Germany attacked Poland, there were still about a thousand refugees in Krakow, and Hermann Field insisted on remaining and trying to organise an exodus Eastwards out of the firing line. Intensive bombing and the advancing Panzers finally separated Field from his refugees and from his car; and, when he got out into Rumania two weeks later, only Vilem Novy, a Czech Communist, was still with him, and Poland had collapsed.

In England, Field continued to work for the Czech Refugee Trust Fund—as it had then become—and left, in 1940, for America, where he resumed his profession as an architect. After the war, in 1947, he organized and led a Columbia University "World Studytour" for architects and town planners interested in reconstruction. They visited Poland and Czechoslovakia, as well as England, France and other Western countries. In both Poland and Czechoslovakia the tour had official Government approval, and the authorities were anxious to display their achievements and their plans. In Prague, Field was welcomed by Czechs whom he had helped as refugees, including Communists. He was going to lead the same tour again in 1949, and had completed arrangements for it. "World Studytours" reports that there was no suggestion from the Czech Government that the tour would be unwelcome—it was, in fact, only cancelled because too few Americans cared to go. Field, therefore, went alone, staying with Czech friends, and was welcomed and shown around towns and factories as before. After two weeks in Czechoslovakia, he spent a week in Warsaw with Polish architects, who took him to the airport on August 22 to fly to Prague on his way home. He has not been seen since.

As for Herta Field, when her husband disappeared she apparently did not seek help from the American authorities, because in the United States Noel Field had already been accused of being a Communist agent by one of the witnesses in the first trial of Alger Hiss. After Hermann had seen her in Switzerland in July, she followed him to Prague, and may well have tried on the spot to clear up the mystery of Noel's disappearance. She went to meet Hermann again at Prague airport on August 22, wrote to England that he had failed to arrive and then disappeared herself. At this point official inquiries for Hermann began, and later for the others; but, so far, the State Department has failed to get from any country even an admission that they are being held.

It is surely significant that between them these two American brothers are probably responsible for saving more lives from Hitler's terror than any other two individuals. Their profound internationalism and humanitarianism to the point of self-sacrifice were the result of their Quaker upbringing. Their friends speak of their naive simplicity. Yet such are the suspicious moods of the Cold War that their motives are impugned, and Noel Field is accused in the press of both sides of being an enemy agent.

Noel Field disappeared about the same time that Laszlo Rajk was arrested, but the Rajk trial did not take place until two weeks after Hermann and Herta Field were picked up. In this trial Noel Field was referred to as assisting Allen Dulles (wartime head of O.S.S. in Switzerland) in his work of "organising spies from among the political émigrés." Since Noel was undoubtedly available, if not in Hungary, in one of the other Cominform countries, why was he not also put on trial? And why, after 14 months, has he still not been tried, nor his arrest admitted?

As for Hermann, an indirect reference to him seems to have been made by Kopriva (now Czech Minister of Public Security) in his report to the Central Committee of the Czechoslovak Communist Party on February 25 this year. Kopriva alleged the existence of "Titoite plots and underground activity," and made accusations against several high-ranking Czech Communists who had been refugees in London, and in particular against Vilem Novy, the man who had come to London with Field in 1939. This charge was apparently based on the assumption that the "national of a Western State," who helped him escape from Poland, was in fact an "agent of the Western imperialists." This seems to refer to Hermann Field, though his name was not mentioned.

Herman Field has not been put on trial, though he has been missing for months. No explanation has been given. There is no doubt he was detained on August 22 against his will, after going to Warsaw airport. Similarly there is no doubt that Noel and Herta Field disappeared from their Prague hotels at times when it is known they had no intention of leaving the city. Yet neither Poland nor Czechoslovakia has admitted holding any of these people.

This is a tragedy of the Cold War, and the appalling implications of the case—especially for Eastern Europe—are obvious enough. Is it to be assumed that nothing at all can be done when three American citizens of undoubted good will and honourable intention disappear for months together, while their friends and relatives wait daily for news of them? When a big business executive is arrested in Hungary the State Department stirs itself into activity. But there has been no sign of bargaining on behalf of the Fields; and it seems desirable at least that the State Department should publicly announce what efforts it has made on their behalf. So far Washington seems not to have ascertained from either the Czechs or the Poles on what grounds the Fields are being held, what evidence, if any, is being adduced against them, or why, if insufficient evidence has been discovered after a year's examination, they are not released. Could not answers to these elementary questions be obtained if the matter were regarded by the American authorities as a matter of urgency?

So They Say . . .

For an industry which, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, "notoriously dislikes parading (its) domestic troubles before the public," and which is being "gagged and censored" (*vide Daily Express*), the press could hardly be said to have failed last week to put its case dramatically to the public over the matter of newsprint.

The *Daily Express* set the tone on Monday, July 17, with a front-page "statement": THE PRESS IS IN DANGER. It said that "the result of Government policy is clear. Censorship. Censorship of the right to report the proceedings of Parliament. Censorship of the duty to report the course of justice. Censorship of the need to report the world crisis . . . . Censorship of opinion."

The next day a statement by the Newsprint Supply Company on the background situation was given great prominence. The *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle*, though critical of the Government, editorially dissociated themselves from the belief that the whole thing was a deep-laid Government plot ("a deliberate policy," said the *Daily Telegraph*), while the *Daily Mail* headed its editorial CENSORSHIP, and pictured Britain becoming "the worst-informed nation in the world." The *Daily Graphic*, with a noticeable lack of self-consciousness, pointed out that it is "the people of Britain who suffer. They are denied the full service of news and comment which it has been the pride of the press to give them." The *Daily Express*, under the heading GAGGING THE PRESS, gave the briefest and most misleading summary of the Newsprint Supply Company's statement, completely omitting such relevant elements as the world shortage of newsprint caused by the tremendous increase in U.S. consumption.

That night, in the House of Commons, Harold Wilson stated that this increase was chiefly responsible for the position, denied any Government intention to "hobble" the press, and said that he was consulting Sir Stafford Cripps about dollars for 1951. His conciliatory exchanges with questioners—the first official reaction—were lengthily reported in the *News Chronicle* and *Daily Graphic* (GOVERNMENT TO REVIEW NEWSPRINT CUT) but completely ignored in the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*. The *Express*, however, had not forgotten the newsprint crisis; it ran a cartoon and an editorial on the subject. The *Daily Mirror*, while ignoring Harold Wilson, ran a front-page double column editorial stating that the newspapers were in danger, "not from any action by the Government, but from its lack of action."

The combined outcry obviously having had its effect, all papers the following day (July 20) except the *Daily Express* carried an inspired story by their diplomatic correspondents that the Cabinet was "reviewing" the newsprint situation in order to make a statement before the recess.

The next day came Harold Wilson's interim announcement that dollars would be available to maintain the papers at their present size throughout next year. This news made no front page, but it drew a grudging editorial from the *Daily Mail* (headlined NOT ENOUGH), and a more generous comment from the *News Chronicle*: "The Government has acted with commendable speed".

But the Newsprint Supply Company had the last word, pending this week's debate, with a long statement, published (but inadequately) on Saturday, to the effect that the situation was still very uncertain. Treatment of this varied from the *Daily Herald's* watered-down version (NO PAPER CUTS YET) to the *Daily Express's* persistent refrain: YOUR PAPER IS STILL IN DANGER.

In the middle of this campaign last week, the papers published approvingly, but without any apparent sense of incongruity, a Unesco survey showing that the British public is the best-informed in the world, buying one daily paper for every two people in the country. (Runners-up: Norway, Luxemburg, Australia, and Denmark). But perhaps it is a matter for discussion whether or not the 557 out of a thousand British citizens who now consume 18 lb. of newsprint per head a year make up a better or less informed public than, say the 357 out of a thousand Americans who each engorge 70 lb.? AUTOLYCUS

The Dispossessed

Here in Austria the officials of the International Refugee Organisation are already busy handing over their camps, hospitals and rehabilitation centres to the Allied military authorities, who in their turn are passing them on to the tepidly responsive Austrian Government. It is a tragic paradox that I.R.O.—the one effective international labour exchange in the world—should be getting ready to go out of business next Spring, at a time when its services are more urgently required than ever. When I.R.O. took over from Unrra in July, 1947, the Allies had returned seven million men, women and children to their homes from camps in Western Europe. The residue of the "dispossessed," for whom I.R.O. was to become responsible, was estimated to number about 1,500,000, of whom one-third consisted of pre-war refugees—White Russians, German Jews, Spanish Republicans and so forth. The task then appeared manageable; and, though it was sponsored and (inadequately) financed by less than one-third of the members of the United Nations, I.R.O. has acquitted itself well on its limited resources. But to suppose that the problem which led to the creation of I.R.O. has now been solved is pure delusion.

In three years, at a cost of £150 millions, the organisation has resettled about 750,000 persons overseas, repatriated a further 70,000 and, in addition, cared for approximately 700,000 "helpless" cases in camps and hospitals. The funds are now running out, and contributing countries apparently feel that they have already done their fair share: next March I.R.O. passes out of existence, and is to be replaced by a High Commissioner's Office with greatly reduced powers. Yet, in a recent speech, Mr. Donald Kingsley, the Director-General of I.R.O., declared that the refugee problem to-day was "more dangerous and explosive than an atom bomb and far less controllable."

> There are now approximately eight and a half million refugees in Western Germany alone, and more are swarming across the border every day . . . I dread to think what will happen if large numbers are left when I.R.O. goes out of existence next Spring. Already German newspapers are beating the drum against them . . . the fires of arrogance, of pride, of hatred fanned for so long are not dead. We must find homes for as many as we possibly can in the little time remaining. We must organise the international movement of workers, whether manual or specialist, to avoid the colossal waste of skills, as well as the threat to peace, which results from this great concentration of stagnant manpower.

The problem presented in Western Germany by the millions of *Volksdeutsche* expelled from Czechoslovakia, Poland and elsewhere stands by itself. These unhappy people, most of them existing in poverty and misery, loathed by their unwilling hosts in Western Germany, have unfortunately begun to play the role of pawns in the Cold War. It was not contemplated originally that either *Volksdeutsche* or ex-enemy belligerents should come within the purview of I.R.O.; and the question how far these millions of refugees of German ethnic origin can or should be assimilated in post-war Germany is one on which the observer of conditions in Austria cannot usefully comment. Here, however, it is painfully obvious that, on a smaller scale, the passing of I.R.O. will leave an intractable problem unsolved; for here, as in Germany, the first post-war mass flights and expulsions have been followed by a steady influx of political misfits from the Cominform countries. In the human dust bowl of Central Europe, the wind, ever since 1945, has been blowing steadily from the East.

In contrast to the attitude of Bonn, the Austrian Government has pursued an enlightened and generous policy towards the "dispossessed." Austrian citizenship has been granted to over 100,000 refugees, and residence permits have been issued to another 70,000. The current national budget contains an item of 105 million schillings towards the expenses of D.P.s—no small sum in such an impoverished country—and the Austrian police have been instructed to turn no one back at the frontiers who is in need of asylum. Already some 235,000 foreign workers are employed in Austria—well over 10 per cent. of the total Austrian labour force; and, although the D.P.s are undoubtedly making a valuable contribution to the country's rehabilitation, particularly in the field of agriculture, it is difficult to see how Austria, already subject to acute seasonal unemployment, can absorb much more refugee labour. As it is, the Austrian civil service is absurdly overstaffed as a method of masking unemployment until such time as Austrian industry can take on more workers. Moreover, the Austrian Government is very unwilling to accept responsibility for taking over from I.R.O., without some per capita payment, the 12,000 "hard core" cases—the sick, the blind and aged.

Negotiations on this last point are at present taking place; but the crux of the problem is that there are still, on I.R.O.'s Austrian books, not far short of 350,000 refugees, including 240,000 *Volksdeutsche* and 40,000 ex-enemy nationals. These figures exclude all those who have been granted residence permits, and there is little doubt that the official numbers leave out of account many refugees who have entered the country clandestinely and become "lost." What is to happen eventually to this increasingly embittered army of 350,000 D.P.s? Refugee psychology being what it is, they complain angrily that labour permits are grudgingly issued, and that they are not permitted to work under conditions of equality with the Austrian workers. A hunger strike took place in Linz early this month to focus attention on this grievance. Moreover, the political refugees—for example, the Social Democrats from the Cominform countries—protested bitterly to me that they had been encouraged—one said "lured"—to leave their countries by British and American radio propaganda, only to make the discovery, on arrival in Austria, that they were ineligible for I.R.O. aid and were only guaranteed "legal and political protection." Several I.R.O. officials with whom I spoke appeared to sympathise with this complaint.

Resentment among the refugees appears to be particularly strong against the British: we are accused of having closed our doors to all but female domestic workers from abroad. There is certainly room for better enlightenment on this point: the Austrian section of the B.B.C. might well remind refugees here in Austria that Britain has absorbed more foreigners before and since the war than any other Western European country. During the late 'thirties we admitted 80,000 refugees from the Hitler terror. During the war and up to May, 1950, we extended hospitality to over 200,000 refugees from Austria and Germany alone. Far from closing our doors, we are at present negotiating with I.R.O. on a plan to admit into Britain 2,000 "hard core" cases to be cared for either by relatives or voluntary societies.

When I reminded refugees here of these figures, their answer was to point to the sharp drop in general resettlement figures for the current year. Did not these mean, they asked, that the few countries which have proved willing to absorb D.P.s have reached, or are reaching, saturation point? "Surely something," they insisted, "can be done for *us*." Already upset and discomfited by the impending dissolution of I.R.O., the refugees in Austria were thrown into a state of panic by the Korean news. In Vienna, the wealthy Hungarian group continued cynically to smoke their endless cigarettes and play their endless bridge. On the rest, the impact of the news was violent: they became more than ever desperate to leave a Europe in which, they were convinced, general war was imminent. Yet they know that, with the departure of I.R.O., the chances of resettlement overseas are likely to become more and more remote.

Is it too late to stop the clock? Must I.R.O. really come to an end in March next year? To rebuild a new organisation effectively would probably cost much more money than to finance the continuance of a body which has functioned efficiently and earned for itself trust and respect. Britain is entitled to claim that she has behaved liberally towards political and other refugees; and, if they cannot be assimilated in Western Germany, it is clearly to the United States rather than to us that the millions of displaced *Volksdeutsche* must look. Yet it is difficult here to accept complacently the conclusion that Britain can do no more.

It became known, this month in Vienna, that a shipload of 2,600 Polish refugees, who escaped from Russia in 1942 and were subsequently cared for in a Lebanese I.R.O. camp, were on their way to Hull. It was difficult to understand here why, unless Britain is in need of cheap cannon fodder, this party of émigré Poles—a class which includes many who might well return to Poland and who have not always proved ideal guests in the country of their adoption—should be given preferential treatment over the 26,000 qualified practitioners in the arts and sciences at present languishing under I.R.O. care in Germany and Austria. These men would be valuable additions to any community; yet they have at present little or no hope of resettlement.

The plight of the million of the "dispossessed" still languishing in Western Europe without employment or prospect of employment is one which it is difficult to contemplate without emotion. There is obviously no short cut to a solution; and I do not underestimate the difficulties of resettlement. What is lamentable is that the United Nations should be turning its back on a problem for which it assumed responsibility but which it has not solved.

Vienna, July. HELEN GOSSE

Rough Ol' Day

NATURE tries persistently, remorselessly, to reoccupy the country roads: there is a slow patient advance of mosses, grasses, celandine from the edges towards the middle of the road. I have measured the rate of advance and, surprisingly, it is as much as six inches a year upon either side: in a generation a B class road would be under coarse turf were it not for the steady labour of certain elderly men employed by the Rural District Councils, who also trim such hedges as the public owns. How many thousands of miles of such hedges are eternally being trimmed to keep England barbered? It is work which anyone can do but which only a skilled man can do well. I said to one such man, "Could you find time to trim our hedge? If I do it, I don't get it straight."

No, he could not find time: it did not surprise me, for he must have enough work for a man of his age, eight hours a day in all weathers. He looks seventy. He said, "Old Orton 'll do it for you. Best hedger in the parish." I was not sure whom he meant until he explained that it was the old man who looked after the blacksmith-cum-undertaker's garden. "He's pretty old for his job, or for this hedge," I suggested. "Eighty-two last birthday. He was with my old boy in Africa, fighting Lobengula. That's how I know."

I knew by the context that his "old boy" was his father: in East Kent, when a man says "my old boy" he may mean either his father or his infant son. Fascinated by the mention of Lobengula, I questioned him, but he knew nothing, had none of those anecdotes which are direct links with a past which only seems remote. In the end I gave up and said, "So you think Orton would do it?"

"You just arst him, guv'nor."

We knew his name was Orton but we always forgot because before we knew it we used to call him by the only phrase he ever spoke to either of us . . *Rough ol' day*. It was not that he was unfriendly, but too busy to be garrulous, and perhaps a little shy, unable to place us. If, when we met him, the day was fine, he would just nod and beam delightedly; if it rained, he would still look approving, for our rainfall is barely sufficient. But when we had one of our frequent high, tearing winds off the Channel, he would take the pipe from his mouth, grin hugely and say, in a high, cracked, almost boyish voice, "*Rough ol' day!*"

We like him, and one of the items of small news we bring back from the village is, "I saw *Rough ol' day*," and the recipient of the news smiles sympathetically because there is something remarkably cheerful and pleasant about the old man. He is very small, with fantastically bowed legs and his mouth fallen in over toothless gums because he keeps his teeth in his pocket. But his mouth is firm about the stem of a short, stout pipe. There is a shining, silver stubble on his cheeks, not a beard but not a clean shave either, and fluffy grey hair sticks out under his cap. He walks very fast, leaning forward, springing along without a trace of stiffness in his movements, or uncertainty. He lives with his daughter and her husband and their children, and he does a good deal of the household cooking.

"Father's a wonderful cook," his daughter told me, in the post office; "it's not that we want him to do it," she said, earnestly, "he likes it."

I believed her, for Mr. Orton is clearly a man who enjoys everything he does, who rejoices in the knowledge that his great age is far from disqualifying him from taking an active part in the life of the community. He works from eight to eleven in the blacksmith's garden and then goes home to prepare the meal which his daughter and her husband come in from the fields to eat, at noon. After dinner his daughter remains at home to do the house, so that the old man is free to take other jobs, a bit of gardening for a farmer, trimming a hedge, picking fruit or hops.

I asked him to come and trim our hedge. "I'll bring me own 'ook," he said, and so he did, an ancient tool worn to a fine crescent of bright steel, almost like one of those carving knives worn to a mere line one used to see in sandwich-bars when there was a huge sirloin and a ham to carve, in the days before we were "shrewdly out of beef." Orton's hedge-trimming was not, of course, an affair of topiary with shears upon privet or box, but of restraining the furious overgrowth of an old quickset of thorn, elder, hazel, ash and briar, eight feet tall and a yard thick.

Orton arrived at one, almost blown through the gate by a high, howling wind sweeping up the face of the downs, driving a black rack of cloud and a fine spume of small rain. The daffodils were bent nearly level with the soil, and the brilliant flowers of the peach-trees looked premature and pinched.

"Rough ol' day," Orton said, and set to work.

At four, A. called me in for a cup of tea and told me to bring Orton with me. He was still steadily at work and the part he had finished looked impossibly neat, as if he had worked to a mechanical straight edge. The trimmings were burning in a little fire which he had lit in the small, driving rain. "Come in for a cup of tea," I said, and he touched his cap, the gesture being courteous, not servile. Yet he hesitated and looked awkward at the prospect of the living-room, and with quick, deft understanding A. sat down in the kitchen and said it was warmer there. Even so he was not quite at his ease.

"I hear you were in Africa, Mr. Orton," A. said: her genuine interest made him happier. "Ah," he said, "and India. Fourteen years in the army." We questioned him who had fought against the great Lobengula, the heir of Dingaan and the terrible Chaka who ruled when Livingstone was still to be born and that was two years before Waterloo. But either the country had made no impression on him or he had forgotten, except that it had been hot. It was hot in India, too. And niggers . . . "I didn't like *them*," he said, shaking his head gravely, as if niggers were something the Government should have put a stop to. And he added, following some memory, some association obscure in this context, "Nor the Chinese neither." There was nothing else, but suddenly he groped in his pocket and took out some papers and handed us a photograph. "Took in India," he said.

"You?"

"That's right." It was the stiff, stupid portrait of a young man in uniform with the collar buttoned high up in the neck, giving him a throttled, pop-eyed look. The hair was smarmed down over the head, and curled round in a cow's lick over the brow, and there was a vague suggestion of a property palm in the background.

"Good-looking youngster, I was," Orton said, in his piping voice. "Yes," I said, groping for a word, "Soldierly." "Wasn't much of a soldier, come to that," he chuckled, "never got so much as a stripe."

"What did you do when you came back?" A. asked.

"Come here. I worked for Mr. Cillard, the old man that'd be, not this one. Bit of everything, hedging, ditching, ploughing, even. Worked with animals a bit. Fifteen shillun a week. Then a sovreign . . . gold. Half-a-crown a week rent and a bit of a garden."

He talked of harvests: the harvests of his youth were, it seemed, incomparably more generous than now, the summers hotter, the dust dustier. Yet he knew that the statistics his memory gave him were faulty, and it was as if his loyalty to his youth conflicted with his present shrewdness and lifelong training. And perhaps he might be misled by memory of the sheer physical effort involved in getting in the harvests of fifty years ago.

"I've reaped," he said, "two and a half acres in a day," and gave me, out of his brilliant, periwinkle-blue eyes, a sharp look. "Two and a half, maybe three acres." A pause, and then, "D'you see that combine-harvester working in Hitchcock's forty acre last harvest?" I nodded.

"There's been changes," he said; he neither approved nor disapproved; *il constatait*.

"I wonder," I said, "you don't retire, take a rest. You've earned it."

He had too: fourteen years of his country's tropical wars; fifty years of sowing and hoeing and reaping his country's harvests, cleaning her ditches, trimming her hedges, keeping her working; the man at the base of the pyramid. He was, as he sat there with his cup in his misshapen, skilful hand, tremendously dignified, truly respectable.

"That's right," he said, twinkling, "Nothing to do, eh? Go to Herne Bay. I would. Fond o' winkles. And draw me twenty-six shillun a week, eh?"

"Surely you draw that anyway?"

"Not all on it, not and work, you can't," he said. "Not earning what I earn."

"And you need the money," I suggested.

"No," he said, "it ain't that." And I knew, in fact, that it wasn't; his son-in-law was a steady, valued man and his daughter was earning, and the eldest grandson. "No," he said, shaking his head, puzzled at himself.

I suppose that work was a habit, like life. But I thought they might have paid him his twenty-six bob a week anyway: one way and another, he'd had a rough ol' day.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

A GREAT LEAR

A FIRST night is always hazardous. For if the occasion may call out from the actors that extra edge, it may equally with all its different minor accidents be enough just to turn the balance against the highest perfection, and this especially in so tremendous an undertaking as *King Lear* is. It was so at the first night at Stratford last week. In a beautifully staged production, effectively dressed in glowing colours by Mr. Leslie Hurry, and well acted all round, Mr. Gielgud's own performance trembled all the time on the brink of greatness but, except perhaps at the very end, kept all the time just short of it. Yet a strong conviction that this was an accident of the night rather than a fault inherent in the conception persuaded me to stay for the second performance. And I was rewarded by seeing the perfection come right through.

> Oh the little more and how much it is!
> And the little less and what worlds away!

The second performance differed from the first in hardly a detail of its actual movement and articulation. But in the first we were conscious of Mr. Gielgud acting: we admired the grasp, the range, the subtlety, the sureness, the intellectual force, the largeness of the conception. In the second we were never left at the distance where we could merely admire. We were caught up into the play from the very start. This seemed not acting—something conscious and willed—but the actual enacting itself of events seen for the first (and only) time, into the heart of which we ourselves are led, stumbling with the Old King down the steep descent.

If Mr. Gielgud is the great tragic actor *par excellence* of our generation, is it not by virtue of his ability to exhibit the particular kind of simplicity that lies at the heart of passion in highly conscious, complicated personalities? Both Mr. Wolfit and Sir Laurence Olivier strike harder, clearer, louder at the note of the majestic or the terrible. But they both oversimplify—for us. An actor, like any other artist, must be "absolutely modern." It is in the contrast with the consciousness of complication that the simplicity of pathos stabs us. It is the weight Mr. Gielgud gives to the ironies, the irresolutions, the subtleties, that gives the still moments when they come their extra turn. The razed vacant ruin that his Lear holds up to us at the height of his madness is only quite deserted for a few fleeting terrible seconds. Mostly it is thronged and peopled with the shuttled echoes and images from a whole long complex human history.

Mr. Gielgud's performance is such as might convert those, if there still are any, who prefer reading *Lear* to seeing it. Two scenes in particular might change their opinion since both depend primarily on the acting. The first, the little scene after he has delivered the curse on Goneril and before he moves on to Regan, when the fool is pathetically trying to distract him with his poor little jokes and Lear no less pathetically tries to play up to him. It is the shortest of scenes in which Lear has only a few half sentences to speak. But it foreshadows all that is to follow. The first storm has come and gone; and with it has gone the look of wilful pettish arrogance—caught beautifully at the beginning in a series of apt touches like the childish nod of gratification at Regan's boast of love, or the sulky refusal even to look at Cordelia when France accepts her, and carried over to the hectic, boisterous over-attended entrance to Goneril's palace. This look—expressing the whims that unbridled authority indulges in—has given place to an amazed and frightened half realisation of how far he has exposed himself. A projected self-pity makes him gentle with his fool as with a dog. But in between these indulgent caresses, the follies of the last few days flash up one after the other, and are held there, each in a half-broken sentence, the last, a premonition of the future:

> O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven.
> Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

The weight that is put into this short scene carries its echoes right through the play. And to mark it deeper there is a charming little piece of business at the end (Granville Barker's, too, like so much of the rest?). When Lear for the second time asks impatiently if the horses are ready, and at last they are, the fool—to distract him out of his melancholy mood—gently nods out the chucking noise that ostlers make with their tongues, and leads him off to that. And here I should like to congratulate Mr. Alan Bedel on his haunting haunted fool, the very embodiment of pathos, loyal as a mongrel, frightened as a lost child.

I have never seen the recognition scene, when Lear wakes from his long sleep and finds Cordelia at his side, so movingly played. The bewildered waking, the ghost of a voice speaking as if from some other dimension, the fall on to his knees that is half a fall from the bed, and then the stumbled, pleading recognition—I should not believe that anyone, however visually imaginative, could in his study bring the tears to his own eyes as Mr. Gielgud does to ours here. And beside him there is Miss Peggy Ashcroft to shed the tears for us. She has, more than any other actress, the power of touching us simply by her posture and the atmosphere she distils. The change from anxiety to a flooding relief here is beautifully done. Her "No cause, no cause" is marvellously dropped like two reassuring tears of forgiveness. And then again a shift into the feigned courtliness of her "Will't please your highness walk?"

The acting of the whole cast, though not perfect, is worthy of the fine central performance. Miss Maxine Audley and Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies are admirably contrasted as the two sisters, Miss Audley's icy whiteness freezing the air at the beginning with her "Not only, sir, this your all licensed fool," and Miss Frangcon-Davies' following up with a red ferocity, at its best at the moments of violence, her own death and the putting out of Gloster's eyes. Mr. Leon Quartermaine, the Gloster, was at his best here, too: elsewhere he is in the greatest danger of self-parody. I liked Mr. Cruikshank's slide into the Doric for Kent, but I wish he could moderate the pace and loudness of his speaking; phlegm is the keynote of Kent. Mr. Harry Andrews, perhaps a little large in proportion as poor Tom in the cave, is otherwise a telling Edgar. And others in the large cast who effectively contributed were Mr. Paul Hardwick, Mr. Michael Gwynn and Mr. Robert Hardy.

The play is particularly well staged by Mr. Gielgud and Mr. Quayle, if we make one major exception. At the beginning of the storm scene canned music disastrously competes in our ears with Lear's speeches. Let me implore them to moderate this, if they cannot bring themselves to suppress it entirely. It is a dreadful and unnecessary blot. And then the drenching rain that comes over the loudspeakers is not a good realistic touch, in view of the all too dry and altogether too unruffled appearance of the figures on the stage. (Gloster enters through the storm as if he were taking a stroll through Padua's Burlington Arcade.) This apart, the direction is strikingly sure and effective. And let me pay a tribute to the small-part players and to the skilful handling of all the varied detail of pageantry, and to the stage management generally, which is at Stratford now on a very high level.

T. C. Worsley

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

Each time I visit Covent Garden the dichotomy in this company strikes me more strongly. Balanchine's neo-classicism pulls one way; Kirstein's literary neo-romanticism (or as he calls it, "symbolical realism") pulls another. Yet somehow these two flavours complement one another and programmes are the livelier for being a blend. Balanchine's ballets are mostly "abstract" works set against the simplest of backcloths. Of those I have seen I like best the Bizet *Symphony in C.* Balanchine created this ballet for his debut at the Paris Opera in 1947 and it is very much an occasional piece. Originally he called it *Palais de Cristal.* Now he has even removed the title. This is a straightforward classical work in the choreographer's most brilliant manner. Every note and nuance of the music has its equivalent in the dancing. *Serenade* is likewise an exact and sensitive reflection of Tschaikowsky's *Serenade for Strings*—only its mood is rather more lyrical. Beautifully interlaced groups move fluidly in and out of one another, constantly re-forming in intricate patterns; it is all most ingenious. Yet somehow an *art nouveau* effect results which is displeasing. *Bourré Fantasque* is an elaborate balletic joke to a potpourri of Chabrier music. The standard of the choreography is surprisingly uneven and the tricky parody calls for qualities the company cannot supply. Still, it is a lively piece. Balanchine's new *Fire Bird* was the only disappointment. My memory of Fokine's great ballet has faded considerably with the years, but I remember a far more magical work than this version. But then Fokine was a master at conjuring up the *genius loci* and evoking atmosphere. Balanchine is not. Fokine also had the advantage of composing it together with Stravinsky. Admittedly Maria Tallchief gives a lovely performance. But one can't help feeling that the reason this Firebird has learnt to use her legs so beautifully is that her wings are clipped. The sets are no help to the piece. Chagall's chic decor has caught none of the ornate mystery of the original fairy story.

Now for the more literary pieces. I cannot say that either of the two most important works in this manner were successful—in both cases the choice of subject matter was primarily at fault. All the same we must congratulate this company on bold and sincere attempts to extend the frontiers of the art. Auden's baroque eclogue, *The Age of Anxiety*, seemed to me a hermetic piece of writing in a strained idiom he has, thank Heaven, discarded. In it four people get drunk in a New York bar on All Souls' night. After prolonged self-examination there was eventually some sort of sexual crisis. The theme, as the programme notes remind us, was anxiety and how we try to rid ourselves of it. Material for a ballet? I did not find it so. A lot of the dancing that Jerome Robbins has invented is spirited and original, as one would expect from the choreographer of *Fancyfree.* But the dim psychological symbolism kept getting in the way and Leonard Bernstein's windy symphony was not a helpful accompaniment.

The music for *Illuminations*, on the other hand, was the best part of it. Benjamin Britten's settings of Rimbaud's poems are one of his most delightful works, though it is a pity that they are no longer performed by a soprano. But why put a ballet to them? They are complete interpretations in themselves which never quarrel with the personal images Rimbaud's poems may suggest to us. The ballet does. This has grown partly out of Britten's music, partly out of Rimbaud's poems and partly out of the myth of Rimbaud's life; by the time the choreographer and the designer have added their own highly coloured interpretations, the poems are entirely lost. Cecil Beaton has written that he and Ashton drew their inspiration from a picture of "a lot of mischievous children disguised as pierrots." Accordingly Ashton presents us with a troupe of pierrots who disguise themselves "as Rimbaud, as his townspeople, as his muse and as kings and queens." Surely a wild misconception. Take only one example: the prose poem, *Antique*, a vivid impression of a satyr rather in the manner of a classical frieze. But Ashton parallels this with an erotic display for Rimbaud and Sacred and Profane Love (excellently portrayed by Tanaquil Leclercq and Melissa Hayden). Then if you *are* going to stage the "*ithyphalliques et pioupiesques*" side of Rimbaud's life, to represent it as a hectic harlequinade is surely futile. I have the greatest respect for Messrs. Ashton and Beaton, but here they set out to explore "the Northwest Passage to the intellectual world," get lost all too soon, and end up at the Chelsea Arts Ball. The company give a lively rendering of the curious dances Mr. Ashton has thought up for them.

Richard Johnson

FOLLY AND THE PROMS

To bemoan the growth of folly is supposed to be a sign of advancing years. Yet there are certain innovations so preposterously foolish that we must take the risk. Who, for example, can suppress a groan of dismay when forced to lunch in one of the new railway dining-cars from which no window gives upon the passing countryside? In the world of music, we each have our pet aversion. Mine (I know it is not universal) is the darkened concert hall. I know darkness is supposed to promote concentration; I suspect it also promotes sleep. At vocal recitals, a pocket torch is now advisable, if you wish to discover merely the names of the songs.

In the prospectus of the current Promenade Concerts is another triumph of folly. For years this has taken the simple and natural form of a booklet, in which you could see a week's programmes at a time, and find at the end a list of all the major works arranged alphabetically under composers, a separate list of novelties and quasi-novelties, and the date of performance opposite each. The format was not a triumph of ingenuity; it was plain common sense. This year we have a folder, which has to be opened out in four motions and spread flat like a map before we can find a single concert. So much space is wasted in a sequence of pictures and commentary, showing Prom. audiences through the decades, that the index of works and list of novelties has had to be scrapped. Will it be believed that the attention of the press was specially drawn to this innovation? "I think you will be interested," they said, "in the new lay-out of our prospectus." Interested? I was enraged!

However, spreading my prospectus out on the floor, and scanning it with care, I seem to detect some method in the madness. Better not print a list of novelties when the novelties are so few and so strangely chosen! The only "first performance" is a Viola Concerto by Elisabeth Lutyens. Among the many talented composers in Great Britain, was there not a single one worthy to share this honour with Miss Lutyens? One or two new works, like Bax's Left-Hand Concertante or Bartok's Viola Concerto, have been imported, complete with their soloists, from the provincial festivals; quite right too, but no cause for self-congratulation on the part of the B.B.C. Other novelties, from abroad, are evidently "wished on," rather than chosen by, the Corporation; among these are last Wednesday's *Wirra Warrawaal* by the Australian Clive Douglas, brought over by the Sydney conductor, Joseph Post; and an Organ Concerto by a Chicago organist named Leo Sowerby, introduced by E. Power Biggs. Well, they may prove masterpieces, though I note that the B.B.C. is not confident enough to broadcast them. We are to hear nothing else at all from America; nothing from Roy Harris, and nothing from Barber or Copland, both of whom have written short and attractive pieces ideally suited to a Prom. Our own best composers are disgracefully ignored. There are differences of opinion, it is true, about Rubbra's stature as a symphonist; but there can be no question that any one of his last three symphonies deserves inclusion in the Proms. Not a note of Rawsthorne, Britten, Berkeley, Tippett. And where are the younger generation? In Sir Henry Wood's day the Proms. were a shop-window for young British composers. In the three years from 1924 to 1926 there were 48 first performances of English works or personal appearances of English composers; in the three years from 1947 to 1949 there were 10. In fact, both in programmes and choice of performers, the B.B.C. policy is to play for safety; and this is particularly sad because the great popularity and prestige of the Proms., together with the B.B.C.'s financial backing, make it possible for the Corporation to continue an adventurous policy, which, as Mr. Thomas Russell justly pointed out in a recent letter to this journal, has become an impossibility for others less fortunately placed.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Sylvia and the Ghost" and "Dead of Night," at the Academy
"The Furies," at the Plaza

Ghosts rarely come off in films, no doubt because they are so easy to manipulate. And besides the cinema is ghostly already. Scene thins away into scene; the person thought of stands there transparent before the fireplace; letters, on being opened, speak tenderly or curtly with the voice of the sender; the hero's journey in a taxi through Paris, London or New York will almost certainly reveal these to be insubstantial, tottering cities; over lovers bend unseen violinists, and the South Pole itself is discovered to be haunted by an invisible but reinforced symphony orchestra. No wonder, when a film-maker wants to drop a ghost into our midst, he will consider making him, not less, but more solid than his live people. The serious ghost, that is to say; lighter apparitions can still hold their heads up with the landscape showing through, and since we are to be amused and not terrified, they may even indulge in a few well-staged disappearances.

The hero of *Sylvia and the Ghost* is something a little fresh in spooks—light and tender: summoned by a young girl's dreams, he steps down from the portrait of a huntsman over the fireplace (his spaniel follows—a charming touch, this); and surprisingly, the actor in the part—and carrying it off with a sad amused grace—is M. Jacques Tati, known to most of us as a far from dainty postman. Odette Joyeux is the girl; she gives a starry impression of undeveloped charm. There follows the ghost of an affair, touching to us if not to them; and audaciously, a number of farce-like complications are added. The real ghost can't be seen (except, again, by us), and the girl's father decides to fake one; he advertises; in the end there are four ghosts, including the original, wandering about this beautifully turreted and mysteriously corridored chateau. The inspiration is farcical: do you recollect that Marx Brothers film in which three bearded figures in nightshirts haunted a passage with a mirror? Here, as a last straw, the poor outnumbered ghost himself assumes a toga, for the sake of mere recognition, though finally to the dismay of an assembled house-party. But the shocks, however, amusing, are softened by character and wit. Sylvia's tangible lover emerges from this cat's cradle of ghosts; the smiling *revenant*, attended by his dog, returns to limbo or heaven; and the whole piece has been made not only understandable but witty, fresh, charming and regretful. The director of this film is Claude Autant-Lara, whose *Diable au Corps* gave a more precise impression of his talent.

I had almost forgotten the ghostly golfer in *Dead of Night*, who comes back to accuse a fellow-golfer on his honeymoon. This delightful champion of honour (brought to us by Robert Hamer from an H. G. Wells story) must rank among the very best film ghosts.

The Furies represents a new outbreak of the forcible-feeble cattle-drama, but with its mere face slapping, one hanging, one gun battle, and a single bull overthrown, it can't get very far, despite Walter Huston, who, as a villainous rancher in New Mexico, gives a performance of huge gusto (suggesting W. C. Fields in his prairie-cabin mood), and Barbara Stanwyck who is struck dumb for moments at a stretch by his performance. A bellowing *Ha, ha! He, he, ha!* passes from mouth to mouth in this epic, until it has come full circle, and an old woman has shot the original Ha-ha-er in the back. Funny—peculiar.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Mister Roberts," at the Coliseum

This piece of genuine five-star schoolboy toshery takes a dive straight back into the world of *The Hill* or *David Blaize*, though either book would seem exaggeratedly sophisticated by the side of it. Simple, sugary fantasies of boy-land, of small fry and monitors, bullies and heroes, rags and punishments. All very well in short knickers and in the long grass, with heels in the air and a head in a book. But imagine it projected five times larger than life on a towering ship as high as the Coliseum stage, with a chorus of fifty randy American sailors for the small fry, and a bunch of film stars for the officers and played with a musical comedy breadth, but no music. It is in parts very shocking. Not, I mean, the antics of the sex-starved sailors which doubtless bear some relation to reality; but such forlorn incidents as a leading seaman's bursting into tears when his hero, Mister Roberts, lets down the side. The production by the part author, Mr. Joshua Logan, is undeniably brilliant: every one of its very simple points is completely made, though in the first half a little too slowly, I should have thought, even for the very simple to whom it is evidently addressed. But the second half is enlivened by a great deal of concerted high jinks, contrived "balletically" as they say, in the fashion of the contemporary American musical. Mr. Tyrone Power moves gracefully through the hero's rosy role: Mr. Jackie Cooper is extremely amusing as a timid ensign, and Mr. Russell Collins is exact as that wise old "Doc" who sits sagely in some corner whenever a mob of American males get together.

T. C. W.

Three Synge Plays, at the Watergate

We are grateful to the Watergate for allowing us to hear Synge's rhythms once again. The small tragic masterpiece *Riders to the Sea* is, in effect, a dramatic monologue for the old woman who has given all her men but one to the sea, and that last one, too, is claimed from her before the end. The intensity of this would be insupportable but for the anodyne of Synge's prose poetry. It comes over us with all the air, the cold wind, of elemental simplicity, but that is only the extreme artifice of a highly contrived style. In one-act plays the actors must hit their mark from the very first moment, and this, as one might expect, Miss Moire O'Neill does. It is all there on the instant—the mother of sons inured to her repeated

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lots—in the slant of the head, the droop of the hands, the falling cadence, yet beautifully holding off through the whole short length the least intrusion of self-pity. The spirit is there in the curtain line "No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied." The potent rhythm would cloy at any greater length than this, but Synge had other resources. *The Shadow of the Glen* is an example in little of the macabre kind of humour that was to be developed in *The Playboy*. This piece gives the other members of the company a chance. Miss Olga Edwardes, beside a striking appearance, has a vigorous attack, and Russell Thorndike makes a bizarre apparition of the corpse coming to life. And then, to end with, the company combine in the gay straightforward comedy, *A Tinker's Wedding*, with Miss O'Neill as a wonderful drunk. Mr. Martin Starkie, the producer, managed to make the most of the given conditions.

T. C. W.

"They Got What They Wanted," at the Embassy

When the cupboard was bare, Bartley Murnaghan, prodigal father of a ramshackle Irish family, turned a baseless rumour of his impending wealth as legatee into a successful means of raising hard cash, re-establishing credit at the grocer's shop, and effortlessly restoring his seemingly hopeless fortunes. A well-worn theme, but not threadbare; as a commentary on human gullibility or, if you like, on the mechanics of capitalist finance, the plot serves well enough for comedy, and Mr. Louis D'Alton has written some good lines. It is a delusion, however, to suppose that Irish pieces "play themselves," and that the Abbey's humour, no matter how clumsily acted, is bound to be funny. So long as Liam Redmond is on the stage, all is well: he plays the gombeen man, hypocritical, self-pitying bully of the Irish village, in the true tradition, and memories of the rich artistry of Sinclair, Morgan and others of a great company are pleasantly revived. But alas, the rest is Hollywood not Dublin; the subtle cruelty of Irish wit founders in noisy knockabout farce.

A. V.

Correspondence

FORMOSA

Sir,—The New York *Herald-Tribune* gives a summary of your July 22 editorial criticising American action in neutralising the incipient battle for Formosa. Perhaps if some of the possibilities created by the necessarily unilateral action of the U.S. are appreciated it need not cause "a dangerous breach in Anglo-American policy."

The neutralisation was two-way. It stopped the constant irritation of Nationalist bombing of Chinese ports. It also provides, if the UN members will co-operate, an opportunity to conduct an orderly plebiscite in Formosa, giving the Formosans an opportunity to state their preference among: (1) rejoining Japan; (2) joining Communist China; (3) remaining the last bastion of Nationalist China; and (4) becoming a newly independent Asiatic nation. In the light of their recent experience with the mainland Chinese, who would doubt that a substantial majority would vote for (4)? If such were the case, Chiang could be retired, his forces put under Formosan civilian control as long as needed and then disbanded with the option of remaining in Formosa as immigrants or returning to China. It is quite possible his forces would not be needed very long, as a Communist attack in such case would be an attack on an Asiatic nation controlled by Asiatics. That, coupled with the cessation of Chiang's bombing the mainland, might very well make the intervention of the Seventh Fleet exactly what was needed to avert any war over Formosa.

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Waterbury 2, Connecticut.

KOREA

Sir,—Does the Security Council, as it is constituted to-day, possess the moral authority to settle a dispute in the Far East, and to command the obedience of it's peoples? That was the chief question I asked in my etter in your issue of July 8. None of the three correspondents who have replied to it, not even my old friend and ally, Seymour Cocks, has faced this central issue. When, under American leadership, the Council refused to admit the Peking Government as a permanent member, it lowered its own standing as an International Authority. Since Russia withdrew by way of protest against this iniquitous decision, it includes no representative of the seven hundred millions of Asians and Europeans who form the Eastern Bloc. Once it was a World-Authority, which united, however uneasily, East and West. It now speaks only for one side in the feud that divides mankind, and most of its members are the allies and debtors of the United States. A body so constituted could not act as an impartial authority in the dangerous Korean crisis. If our purpose is to restore the reign of law in the world; it is even more important to re-constitute the Security Council than it is to drive the North Koreans back to the 38th Parallel.

We are in danger, it seems to me, of being misled by appeals to the ideal of collective security. The procedure of Uno has been misused by a packed Council to disguise the crude realities of power politics. To begin with, the Council acted indecently when it declared North Korea the aggressor on the uncorroborated complaint of South Korea. The U.N. Commission had no information of its own, and could only transmit the statement of Mr. Synghman Rhee. The overwhelming probability is that the North Korean invasion was a premeditated act of aggression. But it was not unprovoked, for, thanks to the leading American newspapers, we now know (what I did not know when I wrote my first letter) that South Korea had been openly planning and threatening an attack on its Northern neighbour. Surely the proper procedure would have been to issue an imperative Cease-fire order, and then to inquire rapidly into the facts. The reality behind this legal procedure is a struggle between the American and Russian empires for the strategical control of the Far East. That was made only too clear when the U.S.A. sent its Fleet to secure Formosa.

Aggression is an ugly word; but does not Mr. Truman's use of force to deny Formosa to the Peking Government amount to aggression? To insist, in these circumstances, that we must fight on, without any thought of compromise, until the law is vindicated by military sanctions, is as immoral as it is unrealistic. In this jungle there is no law; to bring it back, more is needed than an American victory.

The wise course is that which Pandit Nehru adopted, and I still dare to hope that our Government will join him in his efforts to secure an all-round settlement by negotiation at the highest level. No obstacles must be placed in the way of the re-union of Formosa with China. Our own contribution should be the restoration of Hong Kong, which our grandfathers grabbed in order to force opium on the Chinese. The French suggestion that Korea should be demilitarised deserves consideration. I would ask Mr. Ashley Bramall to excuse me if I do not follow him in his digression into pre-war history; but I would remind him that fundamental social issues underlie the the diplomatic struggle. All over the Far East hungry and exploited peasants are striving to end the rule of the interests that oppress them. In this struggle the Labour Government has been manoeuvred into throwing its weight into the wrong scale, first on the side of Bao Dai and then of Synghman Rhee. We shall be entangled into support for Chiang Kai-shek also, if we allow the Pentagon to drag us in its wake into an unlimited struggle for power. H. N. Brailsford

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

Sir,—In the Constituency Labour Party of which I am a member there is now a very strong division between Left and Right. In the Left group there has been growing a grave concern about the Government's foreign policy which has now come to a head over Korea, Formosa and the proscribing of the Peace Committee. In fact, some members have already resigned on these issues. There are others of us who are reluctant to resign and leave the party in the control of the Right wing, and yet we wonder, if we remain in the party, what, if any, influence we can have on it, and through it on Government policy. Foreign policy can not be divorced from home policy in that an increase in arms expenditure must result in cuts in housing, health and medical services, schools, etc. But what can the result be if all the progressives walk out? Individually they can do nothing.

It would be interesting to know how many Labour parties in the country have this division between Left and Right, also if the Parliamentary Labour Party is in touch with the opinions of the rank and file members.

L. P.

LE DUR DESIR DE DURER

Sir,—May I be permitted to enter a modest protest against Mr. Read's criticism of the translations of Eluard's *Le Dur Désir de Durer* by Stephen Spender and Frances Cornford? Mr. Read gives examples of the "atrocious sins" of which the translators are guilty. Let us examine one or two of these examples in turn.

"Once or twice there is either a misprint or the meaning has gone astray:

Et cet amour plus lourd que le fruit mûr d'un lac.

And this heavier love than ripe fruit of a lake."

I do not see how the transposition of "heavier," perfectly intelligible and necessary to the rhythm, can be either a misprint or a distortion of meaning.

"Sometimes the beautiful precision of an image is lost:

Trompée d'aube une feuille ourle le paysage.

The verb *ourler* means to hem-stitch, and the poet is seeing the fretted edge of a leaf against the wider landscape."

A difficult line; but one thing seems clear and that is that *ourler* does not mean "to hem-stitch" (which is *ourler à jour*) nor does it imply a "fretted" edge, but a doubled or reinforced edge. Have we not here a kind of transposition of epithet? It is the lea that is *ourlée* by the dawn light, given that lucent edging (which in its turn is the "edging" of the *paysage*) and thereby made

Naïve comme un oeil oublieux du visage.

I do not think the translation does full justice to the original:

The landscape is edged by a leaf drenched in dew (surely "dawn": ? misprint), but it is certainly more correct than Mr. Read's version.

"The following line seems to be mistranslated:

Sous le ciel grand ouvert la mer ferme ses ailes.

Beneath wide sky the ocean folds its wings.

Surely *ferme* is an adjective agreeing with *la mer* and the line has the opposite meaning:

Beneath the open sky the firm sea (*mare firmum* a play on *terra firma*) *opens* its wings."

But what is "opens"? Surely not *ouvert*? One of these two exactly opposed translations must be a "howler," such as we all sometimes make; but the standing of the translators might have induced Mr. Read to examine his own version more carefully before assailing the other party.

I very much hope that Mr. Read's unfair overstatement will not deter readers from judging for themselves this sensitive, illuminating and gallant essay in a most difficult task.

Donald H. Beves
King's College, Cambridge.

Sir,—Two or three correspondents have written to point out that my proposed amendment of the translation of the line "Sous le ciel grand ouvert la mer ferme ses ailes," simply will not do; and I must confess that I agree with them, and offer my apologies to the translators, Stephen Spender and Frances Cornford, for suggesting that they might have mistaken Eluard's meaning. In the case of the line "Nous sommes corps à corps nous sommes terre à terre," I was not suggesting a correction of meaning, but an equivalent for the verse structure, and I would say that it is this quality that tends to disappear in any literal translation of *vers libre*.

Stonegrave House, Herbert Read
Stonegrave, York.

DICK BARTON'S MUM

Sir,—I see that your readers are concerned about Dick Barton's birth and parentage.

Shyly I confess to being his mother. It happened in 1931, as Mr. Allan M. Laing imputes in his letter in last week's issue, when he refers to my book *Four Frightened People*, published that year.

In this, Dick Barton appears by name as the hero of a boys' serial, "full of sterilised ideas of chivalry, modesty and unobtrusive courage." Mr. Norman Collins' recent statement of paternity (in 1946! Why the lad was 15!) is like many such claims or refutations, undoubtedly made in good faith but upon inadequate information in regard to dates.

I feel like the famous fish-mimic. ("When I decided to give my Great Gift to the World. . . .") I don't want to be possessive. I understand Dick now has a lucrative job at the B.B.C., where, it is true, he has never contributed to his old Mum's maintenance, nor acknowledged her existence, but you know what these upright public characters are like in private relationships. Mr. Collins and the B.B.C. are welcome to him, so long as they don't suppose he is their monopoly, which in the circumstances he can't be.

I know, of course, how the confusion must have happened: unconscious plagiarism is all too easy for any writer. A name slips into one's mind, with strips of character adhering, as meat to an old bone, and years after is pulled out, still with meat adhering, and all the feeling of originality. But the situation remains full of charming possibilities. Dick Barton's script-writers may only publish stories about him by agreement with the B.B.C. Well, why don't they ask me if I mind their reviving, in print, my old character with the same nature and the same name? And I don't. Better still, having given him birth, I may decide to finish him off myself. Starting with the fellow as I—and fifteen years later the Corporation—conceived him to be, I shall trace the subtle weakening of his fibre, from the time when he is first found drunk in the gutter, through the stage when any spiv can knock him out, and many do, to the final degradation of unsavoury love-affairs coupled with the non-payment of his card-debts.

What, if anything, can be done to stop this by those who have used him for the last four years without leave from his Mum?

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

98 Heath Street,
London, N.W.3.

BOOKS, MUSIC AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—Mr. E. P. Rowsell's plea for book reviews will be widely supported. He remarks that "The radio has done much to increase the interest in modern music," and argues that it should similarly be active for modern literature. But music is not criticised in broadcasting, and does not form part of the Sunday "Critics" programme. Laudatory articles are printed, but nothing is spoken that musicians can recognise as criticism—certainly, of contemporary art. I have been writing about the B.B.C. since it was born, and have never been able to discover the reason for this very marked policy.

Brighton. W. R. ANDERSON

C.C.N.Y.

SIR,—After the smug stupidity displayed in his book on the United States, Mr. Geoffrey Gorer should never use the word humility.

However, there is one point I would like to clear up for British readers. In his review of *The Mature Mind*, by H. A. Overstreet, he says: "The author, a Dr. Overstreet, is apparently a retired philosophy teacher from one of the very minor New York colleges. . . ." Mr. Overstreet retired as chairman of the department of philosophy at the College of the City of New York. He had in his department for many years Morris R. Cohen, one of the most influential thinkers of our time. Perhaps Mr. Gorer never heard of him.

City College is minor only if one judges a school by its football team. Academically it ranks among the best, having the highest entrance requirements of any college in the country. Its graduates include a large number of our most distinguished men in a wide variety of fields. Bernard Baruch, Justice Felix Frankfurter, Profs. Ernest Nagel, of Columbia, Paul Weiss, of Yale, Henry Wallman, of M.I.T., recently made a foreign member of the Royal Swedish Academy, and Reuben Fine, a chess player of international rank, are only a few names from an impressive list.

City College figured in the news a few years ago because of an unfortunate incident in connection with Mr. Bertrand Russell. Mr. Russell was not hired; but only over the very strenuous protests of the College authorities, the students and the alumni. The action reflected on the government of New York City rather than the College. The mere fact that Mr. Russell would have consented to teach there and that he would have had Mr. Alfred Tarski as a colleague is sufficient proof that City College is not a very minor college. ARTHUR J. LEVERSON

P.O. Box 241,
McLean, Va., U.S.A.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

SIR,—Since Mr. Ratcliffe, in explaining the cause of one mistaken account of Katherine Mansfield's treatment at the Gurdjieff Institute, is unwittingly in danger of giving currency to another, I had better set out the facts.

Katherine Mansfield when she entered the Gurdjieff Institute in October 1922 lived at first in a beautiful and comfortable room. In November, as part of the spiritual discipline of the place she was directed to give it up for a small, cold and uncomfortable one and do many of her own chores. (This, having regard to the state of her health, was an unwise direction.) At about the same time she was instructed to rest for part of the day in a gallery in the cowshed, because the atmosphere of a cowshed was held, by Gurdjieff, to be beneficial for T.B. A rather splendid couch covered with rugs was set for her, and one of the Russian disciples, who was an artist, did mural decorations to delight her eye. But the severity of the discipline in her little room began to tell upon her so obviously that at the end of December she was directed back to her original room, which was one of the best in the château. At about 10 p.m. on January 9th, 1923, she was returning to that room with me, from the salon, climbing the stairs with difficulty, when she was seized by a fit of coughing. She had barely entered the room when the fatal haemorrhage occurred.

I wish to repeat that she was treated with very great kindness at the Institute. The only criticism that can fairly be made of her treatment was that it was unwise.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

Lower Lodge,
Thelnetham, Diss, Norfolk.

F. M. FEATHERSTON

SIR,—Could any of your readers give me any information about an English author named F. M. Featherston, of the late nineteenth century, whose four books are not in the British Museum or the Library of Congress, and who so far has eluded all search for any personal data?

Featherston wrote a 62-page pamphlet titled "*Yarns*" *Round a Prairie Campfire; or, Tales of Wild Adventure in the Far West*. Printed for the author and to be had of all booksellers. London, no date, but presumably about 1865. The author in a brief preface gives his place of residence as Knaresborough, Yorkshire. He claims that his collection of tales is entirely original and "now appears in print for the first time." On the back cover three other works by Featherston are listed: *The Reformer's Text Book*, *Timothy Coorkrodger*, and *Featherston's Oglio*. The name of the printer is given as "Johnson & Tesseyman, Printers, York."

The "*Yarns*" *Round a Prairie Campfire* appears to be an unknown item of story-telling in the United States. The question is, was Featherston a *bona fide* Western traveller as he claims? It is strange that his name and his books have virtually vanished from sight.

RICHARD M. DORSON

19 Prince of Wales Terrace,
London, W.8.

BUYING POETRY

SIR,—I was sorry to find two bookshops reacting to my story about the difficulty of buying modern poetry by defending themselves as if they had been attacked. I had hoped my point was wider—namely how are we to make experiment in literature possible. In the U.S.A. I am told publishers go in for fewer titles and larger sales, more book club choices and less trouble for booksellers—until quite soon experiment ceases and literature dies.

I am no economic historian, but isn't this a general situation? The private individual who pioneered and bankrupted himself for the big firms to cash in later is a figure from a vanished age. Can we expect booksellers to go on as if this was 1851? Research and development is now financed by association. I wonder if the literary parallel would be a consortium of publishers who would set up a joint uncommercial house to publish books for what Stendhal called "the happy few"—provided the Booksellers Association set up a series of bookshops to sell them?

This wouldn't be "minority culture," it would simply be recognition of the facts. Even Morris's Socialists in *News from Nowhere* found they had to treat the distribution of books of poetry in a special way for the same reasons.

London, W.1. MONTAGU SLATER

LLANFAIR . . . .

SIR,—We cannot help making fun of our longest place name, but shouldn't we try to spell it correctly? H.E.B.'s version in your competition column (July 8), is the wildest guess.

The approved Welsh is Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, thirteen words joined together and meaning "Church (of) Mary (by the) pool (of the) white hazels near the rapid whirlpool (all beside the) Church (of Saint) Tysilio (by the) red cave."

The Leys, R. M. BARDWELL
Barton, Cambs.

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Books in General

MARIUS the Epicurean may not rank among books that, in their entirety, one is often tempted to re-read; but, although the second volume, with its leisurely and mannered account of the hero's gradual drift towards the haven of a new faith, demands from the reader continuous and somewhat unrewarding effort, the first, describing his pagan boyhood, contains many celebrated and still persuasive passages—the nostalgic glimpses of "The Religion of Numa" and the portrait of the doomed Flavian (a character in whom so much of Pater's personal romanticism seems to have been concentrated) composing by way of swan-song the *Pervigilium Veneris*. And then there is the long chapter entitled "The Golden Book," which, after an impression of Marius and his friend as they loll in a sunlit granary, poring over a new scroll with which the handsome and pampered Flavian has recently been presented, develops into an elaborate appreciation of that euphuistic masterpiece. The felicity of the author's style, they observe, is "certainly not that old-fashioned unconscious ease of the early literature, which could never come again." But it had other and remarkable merits for, at a time "when people, from the emperor Aurelius downwards, prided themselves unwisely on writing in Greek, he had written for Latin people in their own tongue; though . . . with all the care of a learned language." As happily inventive as his use of words "were the incidents recorded—story within story—stories with the sudden, unlooked-for changes of dreams. . . . What went to the ordinary boyish taste . . . was the adventure: the bear loose in the house at night, the wolves storming the farms in winter, the exploits of the robbers, their charming caves, the delightful thrill one had at the question—'Don't you know that these roads are infested by robbers?'"

Pater's appreciation has not lost its value. Evidently there was much to be said about *The Golden Ass* that he refrained from saying; but the imaginative charm he stresses is still its greatest quality. Apuleius was an incomparable story-teller; and, while human beings love to be told stories and to wander in the mysterious borderland dividing fact and fantasy, the book will continue to gather admirers and will remain one of the five or six volumes that an intelligent Crusoe would hope to discover on his desert island. It was part of the small library, we are informed, that T. E. Lawrence carried everywhere with him during his Arabian campaigns. Nor is the selection difficult to understand; for, although Lawrence was an ascetic and, at least towards the end of his career, a self-torturing misogynist, and Apuleius a reformed rake, a polished advocate and a man of the world, the texture of the novel is extremely various—as various as the extraordinary scenes through which Lucius, condemned to an asinine garb, strays seeking the mouthful of fresh roses that will restore him to his human shape. It is both highly romantic and brutally realistic, a fantasy derived from the immemorial realm of fairy tales and a satirical panorama of everyday life in a backward Roman province, the whole narrative coloured by strong religious feelings.

Books warmly cherished are regularly reinterpreted; and the story of Lucius's changes of shape has already undergone several metamorphoses. For William Adlington, whose magnificent English rendering appeared in 1566,[*] Apuleius was primarily a stylist and a humorist, the author of "pleasant and delectable jests . . . written in such a frank and flourishing style, as he seemed to have the Muses always at will, to feed and maintain his pen," but also a moralist concerned to illustrate the processes of carnal degradation and spiritual redemption. Clearly it was the style that attracted him most—a style which he admits is often "dark and high," stuffed with "strange and absurd words" and "new invented phrases," yet well attuned to the ear of a sixteenth-century writer. This was an aspect of Apuleius's novel that he admired and reproduced. Apuleius was a sophisticated writer, extracting music from a tongue that had long since seen its best days: Adlington, a literary beginner, investigating the marvellous possibilities of a largely unexploited and, indeed, almost untried medium. But together they achieved an astonishing result. Adlington's *Golden Ass* is what every translation ought to be—a work of art superimposed upon a work of art, which incorporates its living structure, reinterpreting it in terms of a different idiom yet preserving much of its originality beneath a foreign outline.

This result, of course, was not achieved without some textual blunders and certain misunderstandings of the Latin novelist's point of view. Perhaps the moment has come for a complete revision. Mr. Robert Graves,[†] at all events, has now given us a totally new rendering in which, besides correcting Adlington's mistakes and restoring a number of erotic references that his predecessor either abridged or thought it prudent to omit entirely, he has applied his own solution to the problem of Apuleius's prose style. The method he adopts is bold and unexpected. His author's use of Latin, he agrees, was notably eccentric, comparable to Rabelais's use of French:

> The parallel is close. Both were priests—pious, lively, exceptionally learned, provincial priests—who found that the popular tale gave them a wider field for their descriptions of contemporary morals and manners, punctuated by philosophical asides, than any more respectable literary form.

Apuleius, Mr. Graves suggests, was imitating and parodying professional popular story-tellers; but the stylistic oddities are not a feature that he has thought it worth his while to emulate. "In my translation (he writes) I have made no attempt to bring out the oddness of the Latin by writing in a style, say, somewhere between Lyly's *Euphues* and Amanda Ros's *Irene Iddesleigh;* paradoxically, the effect of oddness is best achieved in convulsed times like the present by writing in as easy and sedate an English as possible." Here I cannot pretend that I follow his argument; and the result has certainly been to give us an Apuleius who may have gained in clarity and speed and brisk colloquial emphasis, yet has lost, not only in the romantic effect of the narrative as a whole—the sense that Adlington conveys of a universe where anything may happen, with wonderful or terrible surprises just around the corner—but also in the delicacy and distinction of individual passages. Mr. Graves is a remarkably accomplished writer but when, introducing Apuleius's famous and elaborate disquisition on the beauty of a woman's hair, he credits Lucius with the unpromising statement that, as often as "I meet a pretty woman, the first thing that catches my eye is her hair" and "I make a careful mental picture of it to carry home and brood over in private," we feel that we are listening to a mildly sex-obsessed middle-aged English businessman rather than to an elegant African rhetorician of the second century. For, if we strip Apuleius of his style, how are we to underline the interesting and significant contrast between his style and subject-matter? The book is essentially a pattern of contrasts, a picaresque novel with a poetic and philosophic background. Lucius's affair with Fotis introduces the theme of sensual satisfaction. The passage has a lyrical glow. But soon afterwards Lucius loses his human shape and is immediately plunged into the outer darkness reserved for slaves and animals, harried from pillar to post, beaten and humiliated by his brutal masters, among the ugliest of mankind and the wretchedest of beasts of burden. Then, in midst of his worst sufferings, penned in the robbers' cave, he hears the exquisite fable of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche; and on the heels of his most demoralising experience—his seduction, while he is still an ass, by a rich and vicious matron—he escapes from public shame in the amphitheatre and enjoys the resplendent vision of Isis that brings his wanderings to a happy close.

Was it not an important part of the novelist's design to clothe the harshness and nastiness of many of the scenes he described—scenes drawn, no doubt, from his own knowledge of the second-century provincial world—in a style as literary and learnedly allusive as anything attempted by the author of *Ulysses* and *Anna Livia Plurabelle?* Mr. Graves's reader must decide for himself. But, whatever decision he finally arrives at, he will agree that, in either form, *The Golden Ass* is a miraculously absorbing tale, which makes fantasy credible and reality fantastic, a symbolic representation of life that never degenerates into vulgar allegory. During a darker period it was generally assumed that the writer himself had undergone his hero's sufferings; and even St. Augustine was in two minds as to whether the adventures Apuleius chronicles were "reported or invented." In fact, he borrowed largely from two previous novels, one of them by Lucian, both dealing with a man condemned to wear an ass's skin, and derived many of his anecdotes from collections of popular *facetiae*. His book would appear, nevertheless, to have had a vaguely autobiographical background. Born at Madaura in affluent circumstances, he was educated at Carthage and Athens, led a dissipated life in Greece, repented of his follies and was converted to the religion of Isis, eventually marrying a rich widow, whose jealous relations involved him in a charge of witchcraft. Like his hero he progressed from sensual experiment to spiritual illumination; and he, too, found illumination at the feet of the Great Mother, whose glorious attributes he describes in one of his most moving and finely eloquent paragraphs.

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[*] *Apuleius: The Golden Ass*, Being the Metamorphoses of LUCIUS APULEIUS, translated by W. Adlington. Revised by S. Gaselee. *Loeb Classical Library. Heinemann. Price* 15*s*.

[†] *The Transformations of Lucius*, otherwise known as *The Golden Ass*. By LUCIUS APULEIUS. Translated by Robert Graves. *Penguin Books.* 1*s*. 6*d*.

Besides its imaginative charm, as a picture of his social period, Apuleius's novel is permanently interesting. The sun of the *pax romana* had seldom shone more brightly; but, at any rate in the north of Greece, the roads are infested with huge bands of well-armed brigands, and landowners, surrounded by their armies of slaves, seem to have begun to retire into an almost feudal isolation. Sorcery is rife, and the influence of the eastern mystery religions is everywhere increasing; the chaste and dignified cult of Isis is paralleled by the crude and orgiastic cult of Cybele, whose mendicant eunuch priests go prancing in paint and rags through the Thessalian towns and villages. Apuleius despised the followers of Cybele and did not love the Christians; and the only Christian to emerge in his tale is the cruel and licentious baker's wife who "professed perfect scorn for the Immortals and rejected all true religion in favour of a fantastic and blasphemous cult of an 'Only God,'" practising in his honour "various absurd ceremonies which gave her the excuse of getting drunk quite early in the day and playing the whore at all hours." Nor had he attention and sympathy to spare for the depressed and servile classes: "Apuleius's slaves (the translator points out) are always cowardly, wicked, deceitful or treacherous." At heart he was still the provincial aristocrat, a priest, a rhetorician and an advocate who shone in the courts, proud of his erudition and literary accomplishments, devoted to the tenets of the enlightened religion he had adopted, very much a man of the ancient world, yet endowed with an imaginative sensibility that hints now and then at the art and literature of modern Europe. It is as though, behind the solid and stately facade of organised Roman peace and plenty, he divined the "picturesque" Mediterranean landscape of a later epoch—the fascinating ruins that Piranesi drew, the wild torch-lit figures of a Magnasco or a Salvator Rosa.

PETER QUENNELL

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Defend the castle with suave gallantry.

The swarthy smiling greaser will be wicked,
For years the issues will be clear as day,
Your horse will be the fastest, draw the quickest
And consequently heroes may be gay.

Take from the tales this much: the man who makes
A trade of thieving or of rustling steers
Is easy for the ranging lad to deal with:
The fearful man is he whom no one fears.

ANTHONY CRONIN

COLD GOSPELLER

War or Peace. By JOHN FOSTER DULLES. *Harrap.* 15s.

The written word, no less than speech, can be used to conceal thought. Since Mr. Dulles is one of the chief Republican architects of bi-partisan foreign policy, and is to-day Special Adviser to the U.S. Secretary of State, it would be of real interest to learn what precise steps he recommends in order to avert the war which, he declares, is probable but "not inevitable." Unfortunately for the inquisitive, his prescription is couched in magisterial generalities whose application to particular problems is by no means obvious. To denounce Mr. Dulles, as the Russians have done, for "war-mongering" is a gross over-simplification. No chauvinist, he adjures the bellicose elements in the United States to realise that "no one will be able to 'win' the next war," and his book, on the face of it, is directed to the prevention of what he terms "the suicide of humanity." Yet when one adds up his analysis of the world situation and the "positive and well-directed efforts" which, he infers, are needed to fend off the Third World War, one is left with the uneasy feeling that, on his premises, military action is almost bound to be, ultimately, the prolongation of defeated American policy.

He starts with the assumption that the Soviet Union, using methods of "fraud, terrorism and violence," has for its objective the "encirclement" of the United States. The Russians cannot be deflected by "appeasement"; nor, short of a shooting-war, can Communism be thwarted in the long run by American military strength. Indeed, Mr. Dulles observes, realistically enough, that the insistence of the U.S. Chiefs of Staff on the acquisition all over the world of strategic bases has cost America "a high price in moral and psychological disadvantages." What, then, should be the aims of "bi-partisanship"? Mr. Dulles is consistently elusive. The moral authority of the United Nations Organisation should, of course, be enhanced; but there can be no question of abolishing, in the Security Council, a Great Power right of veto which the United States might itself one day want to employ. Some reliance can be placed on the Atlantic Pact—but not much, unless Western Europe can be persuaded to unite politically. Dollar aid and President Truman's "Fourth Point" programme may be of temporary value as a defence against Communist exploitation of misery; but there are limits to what can be done on materialistic lines. Resistance to Communism can perhaps be "activated" even on the "wrong" side of the Iron Curtain—but care must be taken lest premature anti-Communists be summarily liquidated. Propaganda against the dark designs of the U.S.S.R. can, and should be stepped up; but "there is no use having more and louder Voices of America unless we have something to say that is more persuasive than anything yet said."

There is thus a formidable list of reservations and qualifications attached to Mr. Dulles' programme of "positive and well-directed efforts." The reader is left, so far, with little encouragement to believe that he has been shown a signpost pointing clearly the road to durable peace. Equally, when he deals in retrospect with the history of East-West negotiations since Yalta, Mr. Dulles leaves the question still unanswered whether the Russians ever really wanted or hoped for an accommodation with the capitalist sector of the world, and regarded the United Nations solely as a forum to be discarded when it no longer served their purposes, or whether Moscow could have been induced to work genuinely for the One World conception of collective security which was, in fact, envisaged at San Francisco, if the West had done more, not to "appease" the Soviet Union, but to avoid arousing its all too easily aroused suspicions and fears of capitalist hostility.

Firm in his conviction that the Soviet Union has had nothing but "fraud, terrorism and violence" to offer the world, Mr. Dulles makes the implicit assumption that the Iron Curtain, whichever side erected it, serves the primary and essential purpose of defending the ultimate good—Western civilisation. Throughout his book, there is no hint of recognition that the process of revolution, from 1917 onwards, has brought the common people—peasantry or proletariat—anything more than loss of that "liberty" which the American masses so pre-eminently enjoy. Nowhere, in this smooth, smug defence of the American century, can one find a word of real regret that, in its determination to win the Cold War, the United States has succoured—in Greece, Italy, Turkey, Iran, China and Korea—the least liberal, most corrupt forces in the world. Never does Mr. Dulles betray awareness of the possibility that in such matters as disarmament, atomic control or even the East-West partition of Europe, it may have occasionally been the American, no less than the Russian, attitude which proved fatally obstructive.

Mr. Dulles concedes that America is not greatly loved abroad; he would probably evince little surprise if he were told that France has no burning desire to be "liberated" once again in a struggle between the world's two Great Powers, or that the British people do not feel their security to be greatly enhanced by the unsought presence here of bigger and bigger contingents of the U.S. Air Force. It is clear, however, that these considerations would not weaken his belief that only by winning the Cold War can the West avoid war at its hottest—humanity's suicide. And where, in this Cold War Gospel, lies the key to victory? In negotiation, in "agreement to disagree"? By no means. The secret is to be found in giving capitalist society a new set of "spiritual values" based on sturdy individualism: Communism in Asia, Europe and Africa alike will be defeated, without war, if only enough Americans acquire (and purposefully display) a "righteous faith." All very pontifical and unaggressive; but history can furnish some disquieting illustrations of righteous faith leading to unedifying works. I wish I could be more certain that the effect, intended or not, of Mr. Dulles' book may not be to provide a moral excuse for the preventive war he professes to deprecate. His word "encirclement" evokes uncomfortable memories. And his whole approach to the problem of world peace—evokes irresistibly the equivocal picture of a Buchmanite missionary addressing a Rotarian lunch with a Luger tucked away in his coat-tails.

AYLMER VALLANCE

NEW JUDGMENT ON BORROW

George Borrow. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. *Arthur Barker.* 6s.

Borrow enthusiasts of an earlier generation—one emotionally susceptible to the open road, the gipsy life, Old (pre-Industrial) England and the wind on the heath—have committed a literary injustice to one of the most striking of 19th-century neurotics. Mr. Martin Armstrong in a 100-page study, has set about repairing this wrong. To point the difference between the romantic and the psychological judgment he has given a number of different portraits—Borrow seen by himself, by his contemporaries, by the old and the new critics. He could hardly have chosen a more effective scheme for his essay.

As he pictures himself in his writings Borrow is a proud, mysterious, rather sombre figure, of special skill as a horseman and a linguist, of gentle origin (though poor), scholarly, reserved, with a dash of the supernatural about his gifts. There is an edge of truth and some falsity about most of his claims. To look at he was impressive enough—well over six feet tall, with thick hair that had turned white while he was still a boy. (Watts-Dunton described his face as "Greek in type, with a dash of Hebrew"; Lady Eastlake, as "expressive of wrong-headed determination.") But for all his stress on gentility, he was rarely at his ease in polite company. His ancestors were, in fact, farmers; his father, whom he regarded with a sort of bitter admiration, was a recruiting sergeant who rose to the rank of Captain. Borrow (1803-1881), the younger and less popular of two brothers, left the solicitor's office where he was articled, became for some months a poorly paid hack-writer in London, spent several mysterious years wandering about the countryside, and in 1833 started to work for the British and Foreign Bible Society, first in Russia, where he edited a Manchu Bible in St. Petersburg, then, for over four years, in Spain. (In 1936, it is interesting to note, celebrations were held throughout Spain to mark the centenary of his arrival.) In middle life he married a widow rather older than himself, and settled down in a dark, fir-shadowed cottage on the edge of the Norfolk Broads. Here, with the greatest labour and difficulty, still plagued with familiar bouts of restlessness and of black depression, he wrote his extraordinary books.

Only one of these was successful—*The Bible in Spain* (1843); and certainly this wild narrative can still rouse us with its vitality and excitement, its living style and its sharp observation—the Carrollian absurdity of the theme notwithstanding. Bandits, ravines, bogs, moors, prisons—no external misery perturbs the tireless hypochondriac. A snatch of gossip from an Asturian orange and water seller gives something of the book's flavour:

> "Good-day, my young masters. Murcian oranges, as you see; the genuine dragon's blood. Water sweet and cold. Those two boys are the children of Gabiria, comptroller of the queen's household, and the richest man in Madrid; they are nice boys and buy much fruit. It is said their father loves them more than all his possessions. The old woman who is lying beneath yon tree is the Tia Lucilla. She has committed murders, and as she owes me money, I hope one day to see her executed . . . ."

Mr. Armstrong, who considers this the finest of Borrow's works, compares the author with Goya: "Both were impulsive and cantankerous, and both were haunted by terrible imaginings." This is a valid comparison; yet it is the solemn craziness of the motive that increases the journey's strangeness. Not that Borrow, for all his evangelising words, ever seems really married to his wares. He is not a Wesley—a Sterne, perhaps; a brooding Sterne with a cargo of Bibles. There is nothing disconcerting to him in the Bentham-reading Spaniard's comment on his Testament:

> Ha, ha! how very singular! Yes, I remember. I have heard that the English highly prize this eccentric book. How very singular that the countrymen of the great Baintham should set any value upon that old monkish book!

The range of opinion has always been wider about *Lavengro*, Borrow's long autobiographical fantasy with the *Romany Rye* as its conclusion. "The story of *Lavengro*," wrote *Frazer's*, "will content no one. It is for ever hovering between Romance and Reality, and the whole tone of the narrative inspires a profound distrust." Very understandable, though it is not a view that I share. Still, if it is in many ways an irritating book, it is also a revealing one. While touching on the extremes of ecstasy and gloom it reminds us that Borrow, to a greater degree than most writers, saw only what he wished to see. And yet, his inward darkness does not colour his landscape. Hypersensitive in his own contacts with the world, he is an uncritical recorder of scene after scene of cruelty and violence. His countryside, peopled with bruisers, gipsies, thimble-riggers, postilions, sailors straight out of ballads and every kind of picturesque vagabond, gives no hint that he was living in the railway age, that he was a contemporary of Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, Tennyson, Shaftesbury and Karl Marx. His London might be the London of Johnson or of Chatterton.

But if he seems to slip by the social historian, he does not escape the psychologist. To his early upbringing (recorded in *Lavengro*) we may, if we wish, ascribe his taste for gipsies and other vagrants outside the orthodox social code. He started his linguistic adventures by learning—not Latin, the language of the schools and therefore hateful—but Irish, which his father called "a bad language." His black melancholy, his fits of hysteria are described in *Lavengro* with the most careful documentation; so, in thinly disguised episodes, are other of his neurotic compulsions—the *folie de toucher* and the guilty fear that he had, as a child, committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. It is startling for the contemporary critic to find Borrow himself describing this autobiography as a dream—"a dream, or drama." Most of the characters he encounters, though not all are sinister, have indeed an air of being projections of his own nightmare, making of the book (though Ibsen's play was not yet written) a sort of *Peer Gynt* journey—the troll-like sudden appearances of the gipsies increasing this impression. Jasper Petulengro, for instance, whom Mr. Armstrong calls "a ghost, elusive, episodic," represents "the unconventional world of escape, of freedom." Isopel Berners, the pedlar girl whom Borrow teases with his learning but cannot possess—he was, his biographers conclude, incapable of normal sexual love—is shown as larger than life size, a magnificent Norse goddess.

Mr. Armstrong may be a reluctant, if not an anti-Borrovian, but he has made out an excellent case for a new reading—a post-Freud reading of Borrow. It would, of course, be a mistake to consider it a case against Borrow as a writer. That he was not quite the gentleman or the scholar of his protestations is not a *literary* disability, nor is the fact that he was vain, thwarted and irascible, nor, indeed, that he hardly ever opened a book. Of the charges of deliberate quaintness and "charm" Mr. Armstrong has clearly acquitted him. For the rest, you must take your Borrow as you find him—boasting, rages, sudden pomposities of style and all. For beneath all this is a kind of brilliance, and what is rare at any time, a truly original imagination. His qualities as a writer belong so little, in fact, to his own gregarious, novel-creating age that I would suggest that they have never yet been properly valued.

Naomi Lewis

JAMES WYATT

James Wyatt: a Biography. By Reginald Turnor. *Art & Technics.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is the first of a series announced as "Architectural Biographies." It is well produced and consists of a short text, fifty plates and some line illustrations. The subject, James Wyatt, was an architect who was thought a genius in his time, chiefly because of the Oxford Street Pantheon; who built Fonthill for Beckford; who was called "the destroyer" by Pugin because of his treatment of Salisbury and Hereford Cathedrals; and who is now admired partly on principle (being a Great Georgian) and partly because of some pretty interiors very like Adam's.

That is all that is generally known and believed about Wyatt, and Mr. Turnor, in his introduction, does not try to persuade us to believe or remember very much more. He gives, with grace and discretion, the facts and scandals of Wyatt's career and objects, very reasonably, to the notion that the architect was a soak and a debauchee. He allows him genius, on the strength of his interiors at Heveningham and some work at Oxford, and then leaves the illustrations to speak for themselves. The trouble is that these illustrations, excellent as they are and, on the whole, well selected, do not speak at all clearly. If one were told that they comprised the work of five or six men one would be inclined to believe it. They do, as a matter of fact, include a little more than they should, for the Ionic screen at Heaton, originally part of another building, is much later than Wyatt. White's Club facade is wholly Victorian (except for the bay-window, which can hardly be Wyatt), and the interiors of Liverpool Town Hall were built after Wyatt's death, with questionable loyalty to his designs. But even with these deductions and even if one dismisses the Gothic work as a side issue, explicable within its own limitations, the Wyatt *oeuvre* is a puzzle, and leaves one asking: what was the real, the personal Wyatt? Or was there, in this various, variable and conscienceless artist, any such thing?

I believe that there was; and I believe that, in an accidental remark, recorded by Farington and quoted here by Mr. Turnor, Wyatt himself gives us the clue. He was overheard telling George III that "there had been no regular architecture since Sir William Chambers—that when he came from Italy he found the public taste corrupted by the Adams, and he was obliged to comply with it." Such a confession of insincerity tends to invalidate the sincerity of the confession itself. On the other hand, we can test the statement by the works; and if we do so we find that it begins to ring true. We find, for instance, that the facade of the Oxford Street Pantheon could scarcely have been designed without reference to Chambers's *Treatise*, that the mausolea at Brocklesby and Cobham are developed from designs given in the same work, that the gateway at Christ Church and the facade at Oriel, Oxford, are both dead in line with Chambers's taste and doctrine, and that the striking combination of columns, pilasters and attic at Dodington, is a theme used first (in England) by Chambers at Somerset House.

In other words, Wyatt was, from the beginning, attracted to the scholarly, studied work of Sir William Chambers, rather than to the novel movement and pretty embroideries of the Adams. "Attracted" is perhaps the wrong word. Gifted with an uncertain imagination and little capacity for thought, Wyatt was a natural Tory and will have felt that Chambers was *safe*. He, Wyatt, might venture to elongate his columns when Adam houses were the rage, to build preposterous Gothic, following the initiative of the Walpole circle, or, when the time came, draw some hints from Soane's neo-classicism for Dodington church. But behind it all was safe old Sir William and the collective tradition of Rome, Italy, France and England so admirably digested in the *Treatise*. And when Wyatt had succeeded Chambers himself as Surveyor General, in 1796, when there was no longer any need for him to consult the trend of taste, his fundamental conservatism asserted itself unambiguously. Mr. Turnor does not illustrate any of the late classical work—indeed, there is hardly any to illustrate; but he does mention the design for Downing College, and he would have done well to reproduce it as the best evidence we have of Wyatt the classicist in the hey-day of his authority—all fashion spent. It is compounded of Wren's Chelsea Hospital and Chambers's Somerset House and, it must be admitted, is enormously dull.

What is the best of Wyatt? There might be a case (and I believe Mr. Turnor would support it) for affirming that he was at his happiest when bringing his reserved Toryism to bear on the Adam revolution—when, as at Heaton and Heveningham, he gives us the Adam style pruned. Compare the hall and dining-room at Heveningham with Adam's rooms at Ken Wood or Home House. There is no question where the inventive genius lies: but for consistent harmony of line and economy of effect the palm goes, surely, to Wyatt.

That the Tory classicist was also the boldest Gothic innovator since Hawksmore is only superficially surprising. When boldness consists in enlarging a parish church porch to three times its natural size to make the wing of a Fonthill, boldness is not a very considerable asset. Admittedly, there was originality in the putting together of Fonthill as there was in that very remarkable interpretation of the domed space idea, the Oxford Street Pantheon; and with these works in mind one feels that more remains to be thought and said about Wyatt. Meanwhile, Mr. Turnor's little book is a pleasure and a stimulus.

John Summerson

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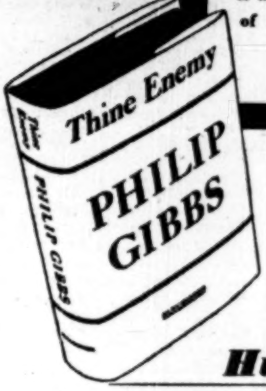

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NEW NOVELS

Earth Abides. By GEORGE R. STEWART. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

The Burning Glass. By JOHN FRANKLYN-BARDIN. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

For the Record. By MARY BORDEN. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

Unfinished Letter. By GEOFFREY PETERS. *Saturn Press.* 9s. 6d.

"Do you know what I think?" says a character in a recent film, "I think the whole human race is having a nervous breakdown." So do the four authors who appear above. Plague, perversion, persecution and disintegration are their themes. Their characters fall out of windows into basement areas or jump out of windows to end it all, draw feelthy pictures on the backs of young women with lipstick, or simply die *en masse*. All the books, in some measure or another, are designed to reflect the situation in which we find ourselves, "the defeat and spiritual restlessness of a complete generation," as one blurb puts it. The authors do not get very far with this: the mere fact that they have tried is more significant than their efforts to interpret chaos, a task which has defeated more than one restless generation.

Earth Abides, going the whole hog, is much the most entertaining. Set in California, it is one of those novels which occur every ten years or so about the end of the world; but Mr. Stewart has had the ingenious idea of merely removing the vast majority of mankind, without affecting the remainder of creation, and his novel deals partly with the efforts of the survivors to form a viable community, and much more engrossingly with the effect of this cataclysm on the rest of the animal and vegetable kingdom. Rats multiply enormously, and when the sources of food left abandoned in the city become exhausted attack one another and so diminish again in numbers. Cats either go wild or are killed by other species. The ant world increases until some disease or other wipes them out. Wild vegetation takes over from cultivated as the domesticated animals revert to a savage state or are killed by their tougher kind. All the ecological side of the book, which appears mostly in italicised paragraphs throughout the text, is interesting and suggestive. The account of the human survivors is much less good. Mr. Stewart has done the old dreary trick of making his hero not an average John Doe (because the hero must have power to observe the changes around him) but simply dull. The great American love scene, complete with Song of Songs, rears its ugly head. And the struggle by Isherwood Williams, which is the hero's name, to preserve the old order of things, though in itself a fascinating topic, is treated at too great length. The final apotheosis of The Tribe into a race of Garths is just unconvincing.

Nevertheless, *Earth Abides* is informative and intriguing for much of its length. The style, it is true, lets it down badly, an accusation which can hardly be made against the second American novel, *The Burning Glass*: not, at any rate, with a straight face. This extraordinary farrago is drenched with style, anybody's style: James Joyce, William Faulkner, even, in a splendid six-page analysis of a man's reactions while choking over a piece of roast chicken, gems from Proust. It is a measure of the book's quality that the style does not overweight the plot. All the action takes place on an island, a summer resort, next to which is a smaller island bought by a rich business man. The book traces twenty-four hours in the life of a couple of residents. Mark, a geneticist, is married to Ruth, a highly strung poetess. After a tiff about a poem, she goes off for the day, and meets Howard DaVanter, the business man, who lives with his niece Amalia, a highly strung satirical artist. Mark, not to be outdone, goes off to see Winston Bailey, an eccentric clarinettist, who keeps a series of resident mistresses, spends much of his time in a Sexone box, and is married to Alicia, an overstrung bitch. They have three children, two tots, who pass the time biting and gouging one another, because the Baileys believe in spontaneity, and Roger, who is twelve and is engaged in upsetting the island by drawing rude caricatures of the locals on boulders and porches. Roger, it emerges, is neither highly strung nor overstrung: he has snapped.

Impossible to relate the events of the day. They include sex in a cave, an ex-Nazi concert pianist turned cook giving a recital, the death of Roger, and, to everyone's relief, the reunion of Mark and Ruth. She has completed her poem. As a sample of the book's impact, here is a short extract from an earlier passage. Mark and Alicia, in the throes of their love-hate relationship (shades of Hal B. Wallis!) are gazing into a second-hand store:

> Alicia was pointing to a monstrous necklace that was displayed in the window. Made of organic-seeming lumps of silver and roughly cut semi-precious stones it was meant to symbolise a fœtus suspended by its umbilicus. "What I don't understand about people like us," Alicia said as they both pondered this and other curios in the shop window, "is not why we try to escape ourselves—but why we fail so ludicrously."

If there are no questions, let us pass on to the first of the two English novels. *For the Record* is an account of the Communist putsch in Czechoslovakia, together with the trial of Cardinal Mindzenty from Hungary, and other snatches of life behind the Iron Curtain. It is not strictly speaking a novel at all, but an interpretation of recent history, and as such requires a specialised criticism. In so far as it is a work of fiction, *For the Record* fails. It is much the best written of the four books under review; unfortunately, that is not saying much. The story is centred round Prince Louis, a playboy turned war hero and then democratic politician, and his beautiful American wife Isobel. He is tricked and used all along the line by the Communists, who plant the narrator as secretary to spy on him. This self-torturing, implacably unattractive man finally throws in his lot with the Prince, but too late: the revolution is an accomplished fact, Isobel has returned to America, and Louis makes a Jan Masaryk death from the window of his home. With such a vivid and immediate tale to tell, it is strange that the result should leave one so cold. For this the device of the narrator is partly to blame; somehow a woman writing in the first person as a man, however boldly, rarely brings it off. Alex is too copybook a character to come to life, for all his impotence and flagellation and changes of mood. The Prince is better drawn: Isobel, alas, is straight out of a glossy magazine. It is no use the narrator (who loves her) remarking at the end: "I notice that when I write about her my style suffers, my thought is confused, the words whine with emotion." That is a literary trick equivalent to the stage's "No one would believe this if they saw it in the theatre." The human relationships, which are bound to be the backbone of this kind of novel, are carefully thought out, ingenious, quite true to life, and all that: but they are not what Miss Borden wants to write about. They are the sugar on the pill, and their falseness is apparent throughout.

Lastly, *Unfinished Letter*. This first novel is an attempt to picture the new "Lost Generation," the men and women whose domestic lives were shattered by the war, and who spend their time trying one another out to see whether there is any chance of starting again. By making the book an unfinished letter to the narrator's wife—unfinished because he has begun to take an overdose of sleeping tablets towards the end—the author, disconcertingly also the narrator (but it is a *nom de plume*, we are relieved to hear) gets himself in an awful muddle. I was particularly struck with the way in which the writer's hand lost its power to grasp a glass, owing to the effect of the drug, some ten pages before he had finished writing. It suggests a further thought, perhaps too obvious to need expressing.

FRANK HAUSER

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ARCHAEOLOGY

A Hundred Years of Archaeology. By GLYN E. DANIEL. *Duckworth.* 21s.

British Prehistory. By STUART PIGGOTT. *Oxford University Press.* 5s.

One part of the growth of consciousness in man has been the search for its own origins. It has been a relatively late part: the intellect as it sharpened was ready to turn astronomy and mathematics against the cosmos, geology, chemistry and their allies against this Earth, before it could steel itself to use archaeology and psychology against man himself.

While the study of our remote past has shown continuity ever since its beginnings in Renaissance thought, each age has coloured and redirected it to suit itself. In this country, for example, there was in the eighteenth century a sharp and conscious clash between the classical school to whom the remains of Roman Britain were most dear, and the rising romantic party who found hoary prehistoric antiquities more in sympathy with their new ideals. It is here, I think, that Dr. Daniel shows some marks of temporal parochialism—again and again he censures the methods and aims of workers of the pre-scientific age, assuming some standard of absolute progress and forgetting that past antiquaries, could they return for a day, might equally censure our preoccupation with the material culture of the common man and our bland neglect of the imaginative and aesthetic possibilities of our discoveries.

In dealing with the century 1840-1940, Dr. Daniel is approximately limited to the scientific age of archaeology. It was in the years on either side of the publication of the *Origin of Species* in 1859 that archaeologists joined hands with geologists and pursued human origins back into a slimy past hitherto undreamt of by a society still thinking in terms of a special and recent Creation. From this time scientific methods and concepts, at first largely borrowed from geology, were accepted by archaeologists, though the wiser among them always directed them towards purely humanistic ends. Nor has scientific discipline robbed the subject of its moments of high drama or of its romantic personalities. To these Dr. Daniel does the fullest justice that his confined space will allow. Among the dramas he recalls were those of the discoveries at Nineveh, Troy, Mycenae, Cnossos, Ur and El Armarna, all of which in their time aroused immense popular enthusiasm and added new scenes to human history. Among the personalities, the heroes of such discovery, Layard, Schliemann and Petrie seem to me to rise above the rest for their varied combination of dash, genius and brilliant idiosyncrasy. Of them all, Schliemann's career was the most romantic. Here was a business man who worked methodically to amass the necessary fortune, with a dream of one day discovering the scenes of Homeric legend always shining in his imagination. Although he misinterpreted the Troy which he explored, although he was mistaken in his identification of the Tomb of Agamemnon, he did in every significant sense fulfil his dream. Beyond this was a personal magic: when he died Sir John Myres wrote that for him "the spring had gone out of the year."

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Dr. Daniel is far from allowing these brilliant personalities and the brilliance of the treasures they discovered round the Mediterranean and in the Middle East to blind him to the importance of the more sober achievements of the west and north. In particular he gives full credit to the Scandinavian pioneers whose gift for method and classification has contributed so largely to the development of our own British archaeology. Indeed, the only trouble has been that with so vast a range (he includes the whole world and all prehistory in his survey) there is an inevitable cramming of factual information; it is a pity that the publishers could not have provided a more spacious and attractive production to counteract the slightly crabbed impression made by *A Hundred Years of Archaeology*. The other vulnerable points are a glossary and bibliography both of which show all the signs of excessively hasty compilation. But even if the critic exercises his natural ingratitude to the full, this book remains by far the most comprehensive account both of man's efforts to recollect his forgotten past, and of consciousness to smell out its own origins.

British Prehistory may be said to represent the fruits of *A Hundred Years of Archaeology* within the bounds of these islands. This limited range has allowed Professor Piggott to write a short summary of our prehistory from the Old Stone Age to the Roman conquest which is near perfection of its kind. He writes lucidly, and although severely factual never forgets that he is concerned with human beings and not with mysteriously animate material objects. That is to say he avoids those nightmare visions of brooches winging butterfly-like across the Channel, of cremation urns jumping into graves, or beakers swarming along our hills on their own spindly legs which are so often provoked by archaeologists who have forgotten the humanity of their subject. This addition to the Home University Library is equally useful for serious amateurs or for students who want to order their more detailed but scattered knowledge. As we should expect both of the author and of the series, it is authoritative and up to date.

Between them Dr. Daniel and Professor Piggott have described the development of archaeology and what it has been able to achieve for the present scientific generation. *A Hundred Years* ends with a benediction on the next century of the subject; this I echo, but could wish for a seer to reveal what new aims, what changed colouring it will have assumed to satisfy our restless consciousness a hundred years from now.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

THE PROMISE OF AMERICA

Modern American Poetry: Focus Five. Edited by B. RAJAN. *Dennis Dobson.* 8s. 6d.

Our knowledge of the United States is patchy. The grosser aspects are perfectly familiar to us, but not so the work of a number of artists and writers, whose recognition here has been delayed by the war years and the descent of the Dollar Curtain. This is not so much true of the pre-war poets (Pound, E. E. Cummings, Wallace Stevens) as of the "second generation" who have made their names since 1939; yet all deserve to have been brought into focus by Mr. Rajan.

The defect of the book lies in its scrappiness. Whether through financial difficulties or personal preference, or because he was uncertain how much prior acquaintance with the subject might be assumed on the part of the reader, the editor has offered up some, but by no means all, of modern American poetry. The book is a mixture of essays and poems, together with a few answers to a questionnaire on the relations between American and British poetry. Five essays discuss individuals (John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Stevens and Cummings): all pre-war figures, though still active. These, together with William Carlos Williams, apparently constitute the Big Six in Mr. Rajan's eyes; Robert Frost is hardly mentioned in the book, and Pound is represented only by a poem. It seems a pity that no essay could be included on Williams, especially as Vivienne Koch, who contributes the pieces on Tate and Ransom, recently published a study of him in the United States; could she not have spoken up for him here? Of the other two essays, one—by the editor—is a heavy raid on Imagism. Was it needed? One thought *that* war was over and that its issues had not much relevance for present-day America. The seventh essay, by David Daiches, deals with a few young poets whom he thinks undervalued. Irritatingly (to me, since I have not read the original), it is couched in the form of a reply to an article that appeared in *Focus Two*, an earlier compilation of Mr. Rajan's.

As for the fifty-odd pages of poems, almost all were written within the past three years. The basis of selection was that none should have been previously printed in Britain. The newer poets thus get more attention than was given them in the essays; even so, and for whatever reason, it is unfortunate that such talented writers as Theodore Roethke, Karl Shapiro and Peter Viereck are left out.

Nevertheless, when the book has been criticised for its omissions, it would be unjust not to add that what is included is interesting and good. The essays on Warren, Stevens and Cummings in particular are clear and perceptive; Miss Koch's are able though a bit niggling. And the poems show plenty of vitality. (Note, by the way, how many American periodicals exist to give them shelter.) It is not easy to sum them up. Have they an "American" quality? In the questionnaire-replies to this query, the poets themselves are wisely evasive. The answer would seem to be: not in vocabulary, except (in some) a diction meticulous, even archaic, more English than English. Nor in theme, if we except the Southern group's preoccupation with chivalrous values (Mark Twain blamed it all on too much reading of Walter Scott); for, as in our own verse, so here we find stressed: the poet's alienation, the loss of certainty, the saving power of love. All show considerable technical competence, few the rhetorical looseness that made Karl Shapiro declare that the word "America" was "the chief enemy" to beware of. Though time may show, as yet none of the younger poets has the precision of Stevens, or the inventive lift of Cummings's:

> anyone lived in a pretty how town
> (with up so floating many bells down)
> spring summer autumn winter
> he sang his didn't he danced his did.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,067

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (limit 200 words) from a contemporary *Golden Ass*. Entries by August 8th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,064

Set by J. B. Roderic

The Columbia University Press has completed a poll of the ten most boring classics in the world. The results, in order of unpopularity, were: Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; Melville's *Moby Dick*; Milton's *Paradise Lost*; Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*; Richardson's *Pamela*; Eliot's *Silas Marner*; Scott's *Ivanhoe*; Cervantes's *Don Quixote*; and Goethe's *Faust*. The usual prizes are offered for the best replies, in not more than 150 words, from any of the above authors to the Columbia Press.

Report by J. B. Roderic

A competition that tapped rich seams of erudition and accomplishment in our readers. Here was Milton in pamphlet, sonnet and blank verse, and Goethe in German, Germanic English and alternate lines of German and English; and both poets in ingenious patchworks of quotations from their own writings. Cervantes wrote from purgatory (where Shakespeare " is as a monkey with nine tails because of his omission from this list "), Richardson blamed Fielding for the deplorable decline in Taste, and also expressed his distress at " perceiving in every coffee-house the well thumb'd pages of Surgeon Kinsey's manual." Spenser and Milton, who do not often appear in these competitions, scored most spokesmen (George Eliot and Scott had fewest) and produced the best entries. Prizes of two guineas to Petitcrû, and a guinea each to H. Elam, E. M., J. F. P., Fergie. Highly commended: R. J. P. Hewison, Lucian, H. J. R., A. M. H., L. G. Udall, R. G., R. S. Stanier, A. W. Sainsbury, Pithecus.

SPENSER

Upon a great adventure you were bond
That greatest Gloriana to you gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerieland,
To win you worship and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things you most should crave.
But ever as you read your heart did earne
Far More Than Somewhat for a slicker brave
New tale, All This And That to con and learne;
My verse a foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

So foorth you passed, by Daemon forward led
Joying to flee my sweetest Poetrie,
To read of other bloudie battles dred.
In faerie bower? no, in the Bowerie
Of bawdrie where the scrapers scrape the sky,
In Babylon where songs have turned to moanes,
Where hearte felt rhyme is spurned as dull and dry.
It is your loss, I feel it in my bones,
To leave me so, beguyld by Nicely-Nicely Jones.

H. ELAM

MILTON

Let no man wonder that in their insolent Syntagma these green and vitiated minds mingle the worthiest and excellentest books with light tales and fustian romances. Seek rather to enquire why men dedicated to the advancement of Learning should, in the name of a modern heresy miscalled Science, hand over the fescue to a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded rabble.

Of the sophisms and elenchs of this weanling *Psychologie* I skill not, but if its purport be the expunction of all writings that sort not with the vulgar humours of an untaught and irreligious gadding rout, then henceforth sober men may spare their midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil; for the Journals and Corantos of this naughty people sufficiently shadow the instruction which alone contents them, being nothing but rude *comicks* and pictures, roughly scrawled and limned, as it were by a savage on the wall of his rugged den.

E. M.

Columbias Presse hath said that Miltons name
No longer should resounde; that there's no tast
To read of that great Argument. Shall then
Th'Organ Mouth be still'd at the behest
Of those who turn not e'en to malt but malted
Milk to justifie Gods wayes to men?
Is it because thir Paradise is gained
In Pictures Motive, Bubble Gum and Rye
As when the labouring Bark at last resorts
To haven safe and crew on shore forgets
Th'ordained course? Have they no fear that soon
The fiery sword may them expelle as well
Through battel, gamma rays, gas, bombs and bugs,
A horrid hail in sulphurous deluge rain'd
And rowling Smoak? Fardest from this is best.
Columbia, who reads may run. There's need
Of me, I should be living at this hour.

J. F. P.

RICHARDSON

Gentlemen, Mr. Richardson is so vext, he bids me take up my pen for him. Reading in the newspapers this morning,

" A pox on their impudence! " cryes he, " They vote my Pamela among the world's ten tediousest Histories."

" Why, Sir, " said I, " 'tis indeed long, for I am a sad scribbler."

" Foo-too! As to length, what of their *Gone with the Wind*, or *Forever Amber*—that absolute *farrago* of fighting and fornication? And for theme—don't their maidens pride themselves on frustrating the attempts themselves sollicit? *This* my Pamela never did, and *that* she surpassed 'em in. But read for yourself."

Which when I had done, though chagrined myself, I excused you to the Author of my being.

" For," said I, " they are but young, and must therefore be Sauce-boxes still. Folk manage themselves in another-guise fashion than when you was younger."

I said no more, seeing he was quite out of the way with you, save that I would convey to you, as now I do, the severe expostulations of Mr. Samuel Richardson and the milder of *your injured Pamela*.

R. J. P. HEWISON

BOSWELL

We spoke of your list last night. Johnson: I am sorry that the colonists do not like our talk. You may tell them there is no thought of pleasing them when we are talking. Upon my asking how we should please them if we would: Why sir, not by mere talk. We must do great acts, and nothing succeeds there but blood and death, and drinking and making love, and so one of us must be privily murdered, and we must all fall under suspicion, and the guilty one must be found out and brought before the justices by a heroic fellow who drinks and is not drunk and makes love and is not rebuffed. We were very merry and fell to singing a foolish song he had brought back from Scotland:

> We can drink and no be drunken,
> We can fight and no be slain,
> We can kiss a bonny lassie,
> And be welcome back again.

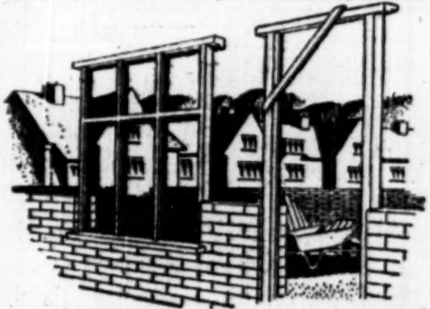
Yrs, Jas. Boswell.

FERGIE

GOETHE

My thought, Homunculus, first turned your flight
Zu neuen Sphären reiner Tätigkeit.
My grand designs, producing light from dark
Mein Freund, sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.
You find me boring? Ponder, little man,
Ein jeder lernt nur was er lernen kann.
You skim me in your modern witches' parlour
—(*Gar mancher kommt vom Lesen der Journale*)—
But justifying Goethe's plays to man,
Schüler, das kommt nur auf Gewohnheit an.
Last year I had to condescend to laymen,
Denn alt und jung bestürmt mich mit Problemen;
So still I teach, though you are loath to learn:
Es ist gar hübsch von einem grossen Herrn.
I would not mourn my long-deserted altar
Wenn ich nur nichts von Nachwelt hören sollte;
But when I see you lost, without a leader,
Die Träne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder.
(References to lines in *Faust*: I, 705, 250, 2016, 116, 1888, II 6892, I 352, 75, 784.)

PETITCRÛ



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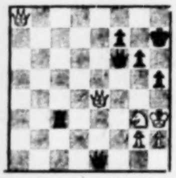
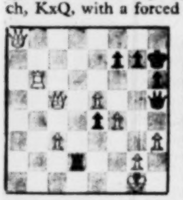
CHESS: Polygamy

No. 47

It seems very fitting for the oriental descent and the fanciful splendour of our game that a King on the chessboard should not be restricted by so bourgeois a consideration as the principle of monogamy. Yet, again, it is equally fitting for the soberly calculating mind that governs final decisions on the chessboard to see to it that even the most opulent flights of fancy be kept within some proper bounds. No chess-King can possibly have more than nine spouses, but I doubt that anyone, in a practical game, has ever come anywhere near that technical limit of queenly abundance. So gigantic an agglomeration of power within the confines of a mere 64 squares would indeed be too awesome a spectacle even to contemplate, let alone analyse, with all its positional and material implications. On a more modest scale, though, a certain multiplicity of Queens is not quite as rare an event as might be imagined.

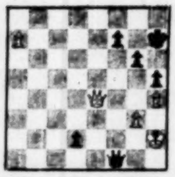


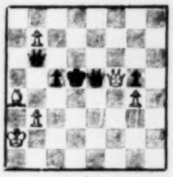
Here—Rovner-Guldin, Moscow 1939—Black had just queened his KP, knowing that QxQ was ruled out on account of his other Queen's threat of a check at B4, followed by mate at Kt5. But White found quite a different saving grace by (1) Q-KKt8 ch, KxQ. (2) Q-K8ch, K-R2. (3) Q-Kt8 ch, K-R3. (4) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt4. (5) Q-R6 ch, KxQ, with a forced stalemate.



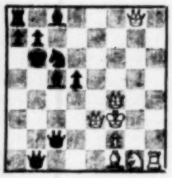
In this position, (reported by Kurt Richter), Black had just allowed the White QRP's promotion, thinking that by Q-K7 he could threaten inescapable mate. But White neatly turned the tables by sacrificing his new Q at KR8 and then checking with the old Q at QB8 and KB5 successively with mate to follow.

In his match with Capablanca, Alekhine (Black) was first to get the new Q and thus got his chance for a mate in 3, which seems as neat as it is obvious.



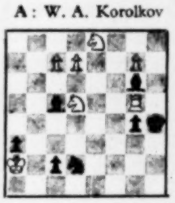


In this position, though, (in a simultaneous performance at Lisbon, 1940) Alekhine "got away" by sheer luck. He gambled on B-B6 ch, and Black, instead of simply playing K-Q5, took the B with his Q. Whereupon the world champion seized his chance of swapping one pair of queens, got himself another one with a check and drew easily.



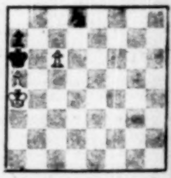
Alekhine was quite a specialist for multiple queens. Here is his famous position (against Grigoriev, Moscow 1915) with five ladies on the board. Alekhine won the game by the "quiet" move R-R6! Since Q-Q8 mate was now threatened, Black countered by QxB: whereupon the future world-champion proceeded by (1) Q-QKt4 ch, Q-Kt4. (2) Q-Q8 ch, K-R3. (3) Q (3)-QR3 ch.

A: W. A. Korolkov



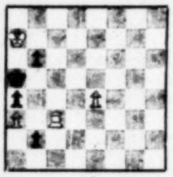
In this week's competition A seems difficult enough to rate 7 points, even with the useful hint that the study is thoroughly in keeping with the "multiple" theme of the article. As a matter of fact, by the time Black is mated (on the 9th move), there should be as many as five White Knights on the board.

B: H. G. M. Weenink, 1918



After so much mid-summer madness, some competitors may welcome the relief of two soberly decent little studies, easy enough to rate a mere 4 points each, and without any hint either. White to move and win in both of them.

C: A. dall Ava, 1938



Usual prizes. Entries by Aug. 7. Incidentally, while recently it didn't matter much, if an entry was a day or two late, competitors are warned that, while I am abroad, any entry that fails to reach the office by the last delivery of the respective Monday would automatically come into the next week's batch to be forwarded, i.e., too late to be considered in the current competition.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 8

A: (1) P-Kt4, K x P (forced because of the threat K-Kt2). (2) K-R1, P-R7. (3) B-Kt1, etc.
B: (1) Q x Kt ch, K x Q. (2) P-B8 (Kt) ch, etc.
C: (1) Kt-B6 ch, K-B4! (2) Q-B2 ch, K-K5! (3) Q-K3 ch, K-Q4. (4) Q-QKt3 ch, K-K5. (5) Q-Q3 ch, K-B5. (6) Q-K3 ch, K-B4. (7) Q-KB3 ch, etc.

Many competitors, including some of our crack-solvers, rather underrated the subtlety of C and missed the main variations. (They seem to have ignored my little "hint.") A seems to have given much pleasure, but, some competitors were wondering if Black could not win by promoting a Kt. The answer is no, because of (4) B-Kt6, Kt-Kt6. (5) BxP, Kt-Q5. (6) B-Q8, KtxP. (7) BxP, etc. Prizes shared by W. U. Aull (The Hague), K. Beaumont, F. R. Oliver, F. A. Rhoden.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

ITALIAN lady teacher of German desires board lodging with English family in town, country or travelling for 1 or 2 months beginning Aug. 10, in exch. for tuition German & Italian language and literature to students of sec. schools or undergrads. Dott. Prof. Barbarina Fracca, Piazza Vettore 11, Rome.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

NERVE manipulation is a therapy of proved value in conditions of fatigue, nervous tension and physical debility. It is a reintegrating treatment, relaxing, stimulating and invigorating. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d.* for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

ITALIAN, French tuition, conversation. Roberti. Telephone Gladstone 2692.

WANTED—stories and articles for American journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Co. Tipperary.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

PEMBROKE House. Resid. with full-time nursing attendance for elderly or infirm clients. Individual requirements given. Most reas. terms with reduced charges for perm. guests. Happy and friendly surroundings. Write Sister K. Parsons, S.R.N., C.M.B., Pembroke House, 91 Pembroke Ave., Hove 3.

CAP d'Antibes. Lady takes paying guests in her villa. Large garden, excellent food abundant, English breakfast if wanted. Five minutes' easy walk sea, bathing. Superb views sea, mountains. Now booking Sept. onwards, but few vacancies before. 1,000 frs. day all in, no extra, until September 1st 1,200 frs. Particulars, photo: Box 8054.

CHILDREN'S holidays: seaside, riding, tennis, fishing. Abundant food. Family environment. Telephone PAD. 1343 or write: 207 Gloucester Place, N.W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

GERMAN woman student, 23, seeks residence 6 mths., exchange basis, or teach piano and German. Box 8156.

SUMMER Holidays: House-master (athlete) offers enjoyable seaside holiday to few boys over 9 yrs. in lovely surroundings in Sussex. Tennis, cricket, swimming. Coaching in work and games if required. Box 8060.

A LOVELY fortnight's holiday in Swiss Alps Hotel commencing September 16. Private party. £27 10s. or £32 10s. 2nd class travel. C. Rackett. 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Have an unforgettable fortnight under canvas in pines by the sea. Perfect climate, magnificent scenery, excellent food and service—£28 10s. inclusive from London. Club Olympique de Paris. Representatives: Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

HOLIDAYS in Germany & Austria. Rhine, Black Forest, Franconia, Bavaria, Carinthia, Styria, Salzkammergut, Voralberg, Tyrol. 14 days incl. from 27*gns.* By air via Innsbruck, 14 days incl. from 40*gns.* For full details apply to the Shalimar Travel Agency, Ltd., 76 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. 'Phone GER. 5960 and 2515.

OBERAMMERGAU—final bookings now being accepted. Leslie Ling has arranged two most attractive coach tours especially to include the Passion Play (best seats), motoring through Rhineland, Bavarian Alps, Black Forest. Conducted throughout—no night travel—(A) 9 days, 34*gns.*, (B) 15 days, 42*gns.*, with week's stay at lovely Walchensee. (Vacancies for both tours—Sept., dates only). Apply: Leslie Ling's Private Tours, 34 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. (ABBey 2596.)

SPAIN. Costa Brava and Barcelona 14 days, sandy beaches, gay and unconventional, small party leaves September 9 by rail, overnight in Paris. Continental Club Tours, 19 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances.

BRITISH Colour Council. Conference room, maximum seating 70, available for meetings and lectures. Also Exhibition Room 1,000 sq. ft. and foyer. Apply Secy., 13 Portman Sq., W.1. WELbeck 4185.

PERSONAL—continued

EXCHANGE & paying guest visits: Having just returned from France, I am still able to recommend congenial families for this summer. Sorry no employment. Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd. N.W.3. PRImrose 1370.

ABSOLUTELY all-in fully conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Switzerland, from 33*gns.* Apply Esmitours, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey. (VIG. 0405.)

WEEK-END and Summer house parties, congenial company, in England, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, also Corsica and Majorca. Cruises in luxury yacht off English and French coasts and to Paris. Also individual rail and hotel reservations. Write/'phone for details. Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

ITALY. Charming inexpensive holiday Verona & Malcesine amid the lemon groves of Lake Garda. Total cost London 15 days £37. Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tra 2781.

SAILING and Camping Holiday with tuition, South Devon, August-September. Write 44 Willian Way, Letchworth.

BRITTANY and Corsica holidays, August 18 and 26. International house parties near London and by the sea, July 28-Sept. 2. Enjoy an informal outdoor holiday in interesting company at reasonable cost. Also Bank Holiday week-end arrangements. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, Kensington, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PARIS to Nice by coach—single fare £3 only. Daily service. Buy your tickets & choose your seats at Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUSeum 8499 & 6463.

HALL in Bloomsbury for meetings, dances, etc. Seat 150. Afternoon 2½*gns.*, eve. 5*gns.* (Sat. 6*gns.*). Apply A.W.G., 6 Queen Square, W.C.1, or telephone Margaret Nelson. KEN. 9316.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HURTWOOD House, Albury, Guildford, for sale, spectacular views to South. All services, 6 beds, 3 recep., Aga. 7 acres surrounded common lands, 750 ft. up. Apply Harrods/Lady Allen of Hurtwood. View by appointment only.

CHALET Hotel, £2,900. 7 letting rooms; ample other accommodation. Built 1946. On lovely site French Alps, 3,900 feet. Magn. ski-ing nearby. Suitable also private residence, clinic, or scholastic purposes. Box N.S. 584, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from suitably qualified men and women at least 30 years of age on May 1, 1950, for at least one post of Economic Adviser in the Economic Section of the Cabinet Office. The post will be in London and appointment will be for a period of five years in the first instance, with superannuation provision under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Starting salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience but will normally be not less than £950 nor more than £1,110 inclusive (men) and there will be annual increases of £30 or £35, giving a maximum over five years ranging from £1,070 to £1,250 (men). There are, however, higher posts with salaries ranging to £1,520, and in the case of exceptionally well-qualified candidates starting pay may be assessed at a figure up to £1,320. Candidates must have at least a Second Class Honours degree in economics or equivalent qualification. The Commissioners will select those candidates who appear to be most suitable and will summon them for interview in London. Candidates should write for an application form to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, W.1, quoting No. 3200. The completed form must reach him by August 17, 1950.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from suitably qualified men and women for one or more posts of Economic Assistant in the Economic Section of the Cabinet Office and one in the Economic Information Unit of the Treasury, on the inclusive scale of £400-£750 (men) or £400-£650 (women). Age limits 20½-26 on August 1, 1950, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces; but certain candidates born on or after August 2, 1923, may be admitted at the Commissioners' discretion. Candidates must have obtained a University degree in economic subjects with at least Second Class Honours or evidence of equivalent standard, except that those taking a final degree examination in the summer of 1950 will be provisionally considered. Superannuation arrangements will be under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Further particulars and forms of application from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3202; completed application forms must reach him by August 17, 1950.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews will be held throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide variety of scientific (including engineering) qualifications. Places of work are spread throughout Great Britain. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £230-£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3068. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

NORFOLK County Council. Home Teacher for Mental Defectives. Applications are invited for the above appointment on the Headquarters Staff of the Public Health Department. Salary will be on Scale A.P.T. I (£390 × £15—£435). The person appointed will be required to undertake the home teaching of mental defectives in their homes and in groups at selected points in the County. Candidates must have had experience of home teaching with mental defectives or have a good knowledge of handicraft work and ability to teach children. Further particulars of the appointment together with forms of application can be obtained from the County Medical Officer, 29 Thorpe Road, Norwich, to whom applications must be submitted not later than August 12, 1950.

A COMPANY of Manufacturing Chemists requires the services of Medical Representatives for Scotland, Yorkshire, Lancashire and London. The work consists of introducing ethical medical products to Doctors, Chemists and Hospitals, and remuneration is by adequate salary and commission, with full expense allowance. Whilst medical knowledge is an advantage it is not essential, as an initial training period is given. Applications in writing are invited from men having a secondary, university or public school education, who should submit full personal details, together with a recent photograph (non-returnable), to Box 3557, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31 Budge Row, London, E.C.4.

SECRETARY required for advertising company whose offices are situated in Finchley Road. Applicant should be experienced and preferably single. Box 8179.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX County Council. Applications are invited from men and women for a post as Assistant Archivist in the Essex Record Office. Candidates should have an appropriate university degree (or other suitable qualification) and practical archive and research experience in Local Records. Duties will include cataloguing, calendaring, etc., under the supervision of the County Archivist. Salary will be in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the person appointed, but will not exceed £465 a year. Further particulars of conditions of service can be obtained on request. Applications, in own handwriting, stating particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, should be sent to the County Clerk, County Hall, Chelmsford, as soon as possible, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, which will not be returned. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden.

UNITED Nations Association requires North East Regional Officer. Salary £400 to £450 according to educational, organising and speaking qualifications. Form and particulars from U.N.A., 11 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2, on receipt stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

EXPERIENCED representative reqd. for Scotland and/or Northern England by internationally known publishers of high quality colour reproductions of works of art. Should be interested in art and pref. known to Guild members in the territory. Expense allowance, commission, etc. Write in first inst. Box 8164.

APPLICATIONS will be considered from men between 21 and 30 to train for full-time appointments with the Y.M.C.A. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership and organising ability. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/17, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

MEMBER (man or woman) wanted for team engaged in pioneer social work in East London. Problem family, club or child welfare experience a recommendation. Application forms (to be returned within a fortnight of the appearance of this advert.) from Sec., Stepney P.S.U., 6/355 The Highway, E.1.

INTERESTING part-time job for social worker. Experience essential; Social Science diploma desirable. Salary £3 per week. Apply Citizens' Advice Bureau, 8 Malden Rd., New Malden, Surrey, by August 14.

MISTRESS (Master considered), experience in teaching general subjects and art or music, reqd. by small special school. Residential post. Good conditions offered for person who is interested in living and teaching with a small number of children. Please reply Principal, Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Shropshire.

WANTED Sept. at Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. 1. Experienced teacher of general subjects with language qualifications. 2. Cook-housemother. 3. Teacher of music and dancing, also willing to housemother small group of young children. Good house for suitable couple and free education for family. Write J. M. Aitkenhead.

MATRON, S.R.N., required for Old People's Home (both sexes) shortly opening in Surrey near Sunningdale. Patients may require special understanding and care, and interest in and love of old people essential. Salary about £330 per annum inclusive. Application forms obtainable from: The Secretary, Residential Services Dept., National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St. London, W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for Wardenship to Hostel and Social Centre for African Students in Chelsea. Salary £275 per annum plus full accom. and meals. Applics. must be submitted in writing immediately stating age and quals. and giving full particulars of previous and present employment. Box 8071.

HOUSEMASTER reqd. general duties and spare time activities, music, art, handicraft, etc. Well-balanced personality. Sml. sch. for maladjusted children. Reply Principal, Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Shropshire.

HOSTEL-School for maladjusted boys & girls aged 9 to 15 has vacancies now or after Christmas for teachers & for domestic assistants (men and women). An independent school on progressive lines, country situation 50 miles from London. Please send details with first letter. Box 8165.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Children's Department. A vacancy will arise in September for a Resident Assistant House Matron in a small Home for twelve maladjusted boys and girls. Salary £5 3s. weekly less 23s. for full residential emoluments. Stamped addressed envelope for application form to Children's Officer, 11 Katharine St., Croydon.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Superintendent (Jewish) in a Nursery School and Kindergarten, to be opened shortly. Write, stating age, training and experience, enclosing recent testimonials. Other staff also required. British O.S.E. Society, 109-111 Stamford Hill, London, N.16.

WELL-educated Secretaries, Shorthand-Typists reqd. for interesting permanent posts. Good salaries and conditions. Also temporary work for odd days, weeks. Apply Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

RELIABLE working housekeeper wanted. Small modern house Edgware. Quiet post. Box 8151.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Institute of Personnel Management, 8 Hill St., London, W.1, has a vacancy for a shorthand typist, good speeds essential. This post will appeal to those interested in personnel work. Applics. should be made to the Secy., or 'phone GRO. 6000, Ext. 31.

HELP of Housekeeper, really interested and experienced, needed for small modern flat, Notting Hill Gate. 10-12 Mon.-Sat. 32s. 6d. week inc. Please write Box 8113.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG lady, graduate in Arts and Law, seeks interesting post commensurate with her outlook & education. Box 8127.

WOMAN Biology graduate, good knowledge chemistry, some French and typing, seeks interesting post. Good personality, capable and has initiative. Box 8002.

LADY, British nationality, fluent Russian, German, some French and Spanish, seeks position, any capacity. Willing to travel. Box 7806.

YOUNG woman, interested in arts, politics, cultural activities, seeks part-time work. Secretarial, French, research; organising ability, initiative. Box 7735.

SECRETARY, exp. editorial, administrative, part-time summer and autumn. Box 8034.

YOUNG lady seeks job abroad, Sept.-March. Companion help or Children's help. Consider anything. Refs. exchanged. Box 7791.

FARMING post wanted (school farm?). Now managing 350 acres Norfolk. 12 yrs. exp. cattle, pigs, arable, machinery. Hons. degree English. 33, married. Box 7822.

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers please write/'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

WHERE TO STAY

BRIGHTON. Old and new friends welcomed at Queensbury Hotel, Regency Sq. (facing West Pier). Good food and all amenities. Full board at mod. terms. Brighton 23558.

NATURIST sun-bathing holidays, in sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils. and mod. cons. Nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enclosing 1s.) for brochure, Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' Annual, listing 54 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

CORNWALL. Sennen Cove Hotel, Land's End. 'Phone Sennen 275. First class. Fully licensed; accommodates 80; excellent cuisine; unsurpassed sea views; safe bathing; excellent sands and rugged coastal scenery. High season terms 30s. per day.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick. Unrivalled views, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children welcomed. 4/5gns. p.w. Vacancies September. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Golf. Fishing. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, fishing, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

BREAKFAST in bed and any other meals you like, for a week or two's real rest in quiet country house. Massage if required. Reasonable terms. Box 7655.

HIGHLAND shore of Firth of Clyde, centre for tours, walks and bathing, 90 minutes Glasgow; a handsome hotel, 3 acres grounds, first-rate Scots food, h. & c. in rooms, interior springs, cent. htg., car available. From 18s. 6d. per day. Halfway House, Bullwood, Innellan, Argyll. Innellan 338.

S. Devon: Progressive Guesthouse overlkg. Teign Estuary. 2½ mls. sea. Frequent buses. Lovely grnds. Home prod. Children catered for. No colour bar. Also furn. cottage, all mains services, sleep 5-6. Andrews & Manning, Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Loveliest country house among Cornwall's finest beaches. Golf St. Enodoc (Rock). Surf-bathing Polzeath. Beautiful in the autumn. Open all year. Port Isaac 234.

AMERSHAM, Bucks; charming vegetarian, food reform or ordinary diet guest house in the Chiltern Hills. Pleasant garden of 1 acres overlooking open country; 5 mins. from stn.; h. & c. all rooms, home-grown fruit and vegetables; summer terms 5½ to 7gns. wkly. Private suite comprising 2 bedrooms, lounge, offices & 'phone; special terms on request. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfry, Arolyn, Stanley Hill Ave., Amersham. Tel. 1334.

FARRINGFORD—the loveliest spot in the I.O.W. Country house comfort in the hotel or your own cottage. Central heating, hot and cold water, telephones—fully licensed. Inclusive charge from 6gns. per person per week. Write for leaflet: Manager, "Farringford," Freshwater, I.O.W. 'Phone Freshwater 312.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

NICE: seafront villa holiday from August 19. 5½gns. weekly each person. CUN. 6047. Miss Atkins, 177 Sutherland Ave., W.9.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel. Finest position with lovely views of Atlantic and coastal scenery. Excellent food and comfort guaranteed. Vacancies from Sept. 2. Terms 5gns. Telephone 291.

SLIEVE League Hotel, Carrick, Co. Donegal. River and sea fishing, good bathing. Mountain, cliffs. Tel. Carrick 5. Write: Sean O'Maloney.

FAMILY offer share too large holiday flat, Bognor sea front, Sept. 9-23. Cont mod., children welcome. 20, Regency Sq., Brighton. Tel.: 29423 or Hol. 3434. Ext. 630.

EASTBOURNE. Park House, Burlington Place. Small hotel of distinction. Comfort, courtesy and excellent cuisine. Vacancies September. Winter terms 4-4½gns. Tel. 3327.

FISHING and shooting holidays from September onwards. Farm-house accommodation. The ideal sporting holiday in the district of your choice. O.S.A. Tours, 74 Causeyside St., Paisley. Tel. Paisley 5012.

PALM Bay Hotel—finest position in Cliftonville. An hotel of distinction & charm, offering every modern comfort & personal service; French chef; fully licensed. Write for brochure to the new owners' Manageress, Miss B. M. Johnson, or telephone Margate 385.

SPEND your holiday in Switzerland at Pension Eden, Porto Ronco, on lovely Lago Maggiore. Beautifully situated in quiet position off main road overlooking the Lake. Moderate prices, excellent cuisine.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive, 7-8gns. from June. Tel.: 1944.

IN the Heart of Lovely Lammermuirs, Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns, yet only 32 mls. from Edinburgh. Home produce. Excell. ckg. H. & C. in bedrms. 3,000-vol. library. 2 trout streams. Children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. p.wk. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

CROWHURST Park Hotel, Battle, Sussex, 50 miles from London, 4 miles Hastings. Lovely country and sea. The hotel with a big reputation for very good food and friendliness. All our guests return and send others. Write for illustrated brochure. From 7gns. Battle 369.

HAMBLE (Southampton Water, facing I.O.W.) Guest Hse.—large yacht anneхe—3 acres grnds. Own prod. Swimming, etc. Riverside Hotel, Hamble. (Hamble 2150.)

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

N. CORNWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins., h. & c. No extras. Vacancies Sept. 9. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel 72.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley offers restful holidays. Unspoilt country: home-grown fruit and vegetables: bkfast. in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2112.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house in wooded grounds, close Pont-y-Pant stn., but in unique sitn. above colourful valley. Fine mountain walking. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

PARIS, Montmartre. Simple, comfortable accommodation, heart of Paris, between St. Lazaire & Nord stations. English, German, Polish spoken. H. & C. all rooms. Bathroom. 320 frs. single, 350-370 frs. double. Select Hotel, 30 Rue Milton, Paris 9e.

SOMERSET country holidays, own produce. Peace and plenty. Vacancies August. 5gns. (4½gns. sharing). Box 8014.

FRENCH Jura. Guests welcomed in family surroundings. Specially suitable young people wishing to perfect French. 850 frs. p.d. incl. Mme. Monneran, Montfleur, Jura.

LAZY or energetic you will enjoy Old Place Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. A good centre for Sussex and the coast, this hotel has individuality, comfort, interesting food and a friendly atmosphere. You should try it. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SCHOOL holidays on fruit/poultry farm near sea, for children. Outings on owner's 30-foot aux. sailing yacht on Blackwater estuary. Informal and happy environment. Every care taken. Mod. incl. terms by arrangement. Write: James, Little Totham, Maldon, Essex.

BOGNOR, sea front central, board res. Good food & comfort, H. & C. all rooms. Children welcome, half price. Moderate terms. Apply Pier View, Steyne.

CRAIGDARROCK Arms, Moniaive, Dumfriesshire, for a peaceful holiday in a charming village where three glens meet. H. & C. in bedrooms. Constant hot water. Good country food. Beautiful countryside. Fully licensed. Apply Mrs. Blake.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days. Sat. & Sun. 4 & 8. "Heartbreak House." Wd. next, 7.0. "The Gentle Gunman." Members.

UNITY. Last week "The Circling Dove." Opening August 11, "Winkles and Champagne." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2*s.* 6*d.* Eus. 5391.

GATEWAY (Bay. 1910). Evenings 7.45, mat. this Sun. 4.30. Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing-Master." Members.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., July 30, 7.30. "Canzone Eterna" (A). (Italian.)

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 16 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra. B.B.C. Opera Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron, Stanford Robinson. Tkts., 3*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3*s.* (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2*s.*, available nightly at doors only.

COMMITTEE for Promotion of New Music presents its 119th Studio Recital at Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1, at 6.30 on Tues., Aug. 1st. Chairman: Ralph Wood. 1st Speaker: Robert Gill.

DANCE with the world at Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Saturday, 29th, at 8 p.m. Adm. 2*s.* Buffet.

DANCE by the 77 Club, Sat., July 29, 7.30 p.m., at the Victory Club, 2 Hand Court, High Holborn. Dreamers' Quintet. 3*s.* 6*d.* Licensed bar.

EXHIBITIONS

SYMBOLIC Realism in American Painting. Exhibition at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. July 19-August 18. Week-days 10-6. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

MODERN Italian Art. An Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, The Tate Gallery, till July 30. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1*s.*

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time. An exhibition organised by the Arts Council, Victoria and Albert Museum. Open till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1*s.* Children 6*d.*

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., London, W.1. 19th Century French Masters. Daily 10-5.30 Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Oeuvres Choisies: Vuillard, Utrillo, Soutine, Braque, etc. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

HAND-Thrown Pottery by Students of Loughborough College: at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries, Boudin, Degas, Renoir, Odilon Redon, T/Lautrec, etc. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Constant Permeke: First English exhibition of the important Belgian painter. Last week.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhibition of African and Asiatic Art.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Robin Rae. July 19-August 19.

PHŒNIX Gallery offers Reproductions of Old Masters, English Landscape studies and the Modern French School. They are available framed and unframed. Write for a catalogue to 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2. (Hours: Mon., Fri., 9.30-6.)

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. 18th Annual Exhibition, Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Mixed Summer Exhibition of British and French Painting. Opening Tues., August 1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NO More Hiroshimas. Peace Demonstration. Trafalgar Square, Sunday, 6th August, 3 p.m. Vera Brittain, E. H. S. Burhop, Ph.D., James Hudson, M.P., Sybil Morrison, Dora Russell, Donald Soper. Chairman: Stuart Morris. Organised by the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, supported by Friends' Peace Committee, Anglican Pacifist Fellowship, Crusade for World Government, Labour Pacifist Fellowship, Women's International League and National Peace Council.

MR. KINGSLEY Martin (Editor, "New Statesman"), will speak on "East and West" at All Nations Social Club, Ltd., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel), on Wednesday, August 9, at 8.30 p.m. Questions and discussion. Non-members 2*s.* 6*d.* at door.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "How Shall We Live?" At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, July 30, at 11 a.m.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools. Accom. is still available at Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey: August 19-26. "Labour's Appeal." Sir Frank Soskice, Harold Davies, R. W. Williams, John Diamond, John Parker. Charges from £6. Applics. and enqs.: Schools Sec., Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Summer Schools in Local Studies. Aug. 19-26 at Westham House, Barford, near Warwick. Aug. 28-Sept. 4, at Attingham Park, near Shrewsbury. Details from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Edmund St., Birmingham.

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MISCELLANEOUS!

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

CALLING All Animal Lovers. Subscribe to-day to the Million Shillings Fund to save our wild animals from cruel treatment. Sec. (N), League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

EYESIGHT—those interested in the Bates method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

TEACHING Students to Work Independently: Soviet Symposium; Criticism of Katayev's new novel; Eisenstein's last article. Anglo-Soviet Journal XI.2 (Summer, 1950), 2*s.* 6*d.* from bookshops, 2*s.* 9*d.* post free from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

"LANGUAGES For All," by Lawrence Wolfe, explains newest method of foreign language learning. Easy, rapid; guarantees fluency from outset. 7*s.* 6*d.* plus 6*d.* pge. Daniel Godwin, Ltd., 68-70 Wardour St. W.1.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16*s.* 3*d.* yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, Hill Top, Park Rd. Bridport, Dorset.

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ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 6*s.* 6*d.* Secy., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

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GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

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RICHMOND, near Park, set of semi-basement rooms to let: large bed-sitting room with fitted cupboards, bathroom, kitchen, 3gns. weekly incl. heat, light, part furn. or wd. furnish by arrangement. Refs. Box 8075.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

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HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Lady willing share charming home with professional/business lady. Board, bedroom, sitting-room. 3½ *guineas* weekly. Box 7996.

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UNFURNISHED rooms or flat required by professional couple in N.W. London. Mod. rent. Unable to buy furn./fitts., but willing to redecorate. Box 7999.

WANTED for early Sept., 1 or 2 furn. rooms and kitchen or use of—by young schoolmaster. Central or North London. Box 7866.

DO you require qualified baby-sitter/telephone? Young doctor and wife, no children, require furnished/unfurnished flat, Edgware district. WIL. 0886.

FURNISHED flat, urgent, 2/3 rooms, kitchen, bathroom. 2 ladies for 12 months. Chelsea, Knightsbridge, Bloomsbury, Hampstead. Box 8052.

BUSINESS woman seeks conven. unfurn. flat. Easy access London Bridge. Box 7829.

WOMAN student requires furnished or unfurnished flat central London, from September. Box 8134.

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DENTAL surgeon requires grnd. floor furnished flat. Access to gdn. 3 rooms, k. & b., London area. £250 p.a. Box 7984.

DOCTOR and wife seek cottage/house (country/seaside) about two weeks, August 19/September 5. Box 7985.

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